

# The Saturday Review

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GRATIS.

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## W SUPPLEMENT.

LONDON: 18 JAN. 1896.

## DANCING.

"Dancing." By Mrs. Lilly Grove, F.R.G.S. The Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes. London: Longmans & Co. 1895.

**A**LTHOUGH the literature of the Dance was chiefly compiled by those who only wrote about it to condemn it, Mrs. Lilly Grove's apologia, the result of five years' research, makes a portly tome in the Badminton Library. From the historical point of view it is a monumental work, treating of the dance in every country on the globe. For, if Mrs. Grove does not entirely agree with the dancing master in "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," who declares that the destiny of nations depends on the art of dancing, she is sufficiently enthusiastic to repudiate both the Puritan conviction of its immorality and the vulgar estimate of its frivolity. "Wherever human beings are congregated together," she writes, in the introduction to the book, "there dances will be found; and from the most barbarous to the most cultured the dance will reflect faithfully the individualistic and racial characters of the performers." Thus the dance whose genesis lies in an inborn human instinct has been developed through long process of mental and physical education into an art, whose vicissitudes Mrs. Grove follows, with patient erudition, through many ages and countries.

The history of dancing can be traced in a gradual progression from the temple to the theatre. With the primitive peoples of the past, as with the savages of to-day, the dance is an integral part of religious ceremonial, a service either of praise or propitiation. Thus the ancient Egyptians danced in honour of the dead, and the women who led them were called "wise." Miriam, too, the Hebrew maid, danced and sang to the glory of the God of Jacob. Again, when Christianity became the State religion of the Roman Empire, the bishops of the Early Church led the faithful in the sacred dances, both in the churches and before the tombs of the martyrs. On one occasion St. Chrysostom excused himself, on the score of illness, from joining in the festive dance. Gradually, however, in the universal decadence which preceded the fall of the tottering Empire, the rhythmic evolutions of the ritual dance became paganized, and we find St. Augustine anathematizing the practice, which was formally forbidden by the Council of 692. The edict was, however, only partially effective, for many centuries later we read, in the Liturgy of Paris, "Le chanoine ballera au premier psaume"; and in the provinces of France the dancing of priests during Saints'-days services is recorded as late as the eighteenth century. Indeed some of the princes of the Church have been devoted to the dance in its most secular form. There is a tradition that the great Richelieu sought to dance himself into Anne of Austria's favour with the bells of the Zarabanda on his feet, much as another courtier—who was not, however, a cardinal—brought the name of Effingham into our Queen Elizabeth's good graces. And, at a later date, the pavanne danced by the Cardinals of Narbonne and St. Séverin before Louis XII. is a matter of history.

As civilization has tended to obliterate national speech and dress, so has modern dancing lost much of its racial character. Nevertheless, the reel is still danced in Scotland, the jig in Ireland, while in the remote English shires a Maypole dance is still an incident of the 1st of May. Among the peasants of Northern Germany and Scandinavia peculiar variants of the dance are still executed on public holidays and at weddings. The characteristic dances of France, however—the courtly minuet and the sprightly gavotte—died with the society whose manners begot them. With all their grace, there was nothing instinctive in them, nothing to bind them up with the eternal human impulse. For the

immortality of the dance depends, after all, upon the sincerity of the emotion which inspires it. It need not necessarily be a joyous emotion. Mrs. Grove is of opinion that the finest natural dancing exists among exiled and oppressed nations, such as the Poles, the Basques, and the Jews. Doubtless the essential character of their dances is retained by intermarriage, and the physical exertion becomes a channel for the escape of repressed passion. We are inclined to think, however, that the dances of Spain and Italy express a more abundant vitality. In Northern Europe the dance is a mere excrescence on the life of the people, indulged in more as a habit than as a delight on special occasions. To the Sicilian, and still more to the Spaniard, the dance is as much a necessity as food and raiment. Mrs. Grove has an interesting chapter on the history of the ballet. Like all dancing, its root is in prehistoric times; but Italy was the home where its growth became coincident with the development of the opera. With the Medici it was imported into France, and flourished as a court entertainment under Catherine de' Medici. As the ballet increased in popularity, it was gradually associated with the libretto of a great poet and the music of a great musician, and it used to be put on the stage by some noble patron of the arts. Princes of the royal blood frequently took part in the performance—Louis XIII., to wit, and Henri IV., who had a special dancing-room built in the Arsenal. Even Le Roi Soleil did not deem it beneath his dignity to impersonate various characters in the ballet, until he was prevented by his growing corpulence. Gaetan Vestris, who styled himself in Provençal dialect "le diou de la danse," brought the ballet to its perfection; and, when age disabled him, his son Auguste was a worthy successor. Mlle. Camary danced with the father, while Madeleine Guimard, the protectress of David the painter, was a contemporary of the son. This century was a quarter gone before the golden age of the ballet in London. Great things, however, were done at Her Majesty's Theatre in early Victorian days. "Giselle" was the united work of Heine, Théophile Gautier, and Adolphe Adam, and the *première danseuse* was Carlotta Grisi. She was succeeded by Fanny Elssler and Taglioni, who was immortalized by Thackeray and was alive not many years ago.

In their stead we now have so-called dancers of the "Ta-ra-ra" type and the serpentine convolutions. But indeed to call such movements dancing is ridiculous. Regarded as an expression of the modern spirit the serpentine dance has a kind of interest of its own. It is that phthisis of the soul, that moral anaemia which is the malady of our time, translated into "woven paces and waving hands." It is not the poetry of motion, but the poison of rhythm, having no closer connexion with the dance than skating or walking. Mrs. Grove's last word on the art whose history she knows more intimately perhaps than any one living runs thus:—"The reason why there is so little good dancing is because the performers do not cultivate their brains. They care nothing about the expression of an idea, and the conventionality of their performance is mirrored in their expressionless faces." To our thinking, however, the fault lies elsewhere. There never was so much brain-cultivation as there is to-day, and it is just because thinking has usurped the place of feeling that there are now so little interest and accomplishment in the dance. For all true dancing is the expression not of ideas but of emotions, and the keener the emotion the finer the dance. How otherwise can the infinite superiority of the Spaniard in this art be explained? The Teutonic races with their emotional petrification have never excelled in dancing. The Celt has surpassed them, but has never attained the grace or agility of the Latin or the Oriental. It is excessive brain-cultivation that has brought the vacuous monotony of the waltz into our dancing rooms and the serpentine gyrations on to our stage. The only interesting dancers of to-day, now that Kate Vaughan has left the theatre, are two Spanish women, Otero and Carmencita, and neither is great in the sense that Grisi or Taglioni was great. As to the chances of a renascence of this glorious art we are pessimistic, unless the New Woman can be induced to cultivate more deeply the emotional side of her nature.

## ABOUT INDIA.

"An Artist in the Himalayas." By A. D. McCormick. London : T. Fisher Unwin. 1895.

"My Experiences in Manipur and the Naga Hills." By the late Major-General Sir James Johnstone, K.C.B. London : Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1896.

"A History of the Deccan." By J. D. B. Gribble. London : Luzac & Co. 1896.

THOSE who take up Mr. McCormick's record of an artist's wanderings in the high Himalayas with the expectation of finding therein any faithful reproduction of the beauties and terrors of the great mountain ranges will be disappointed, and must turn to Sir W. Conway's book on "Climbing and Exploration in the Karakoram-Himalayas," of which work and expedition Mr. McCormick was the official artist, performing his duties with skill and distinction. In the present volume he has merely attempted to describe the experiences of an amateur, who had never before seen a mountain of respectable proportions, among the peaks and glaciers which separate Kashmir and the Indian Peninsula from Central Asia. His sketches, although not without suggestion of artistic merit, are so slight and vague as hardly to deserve reproduction. Some of them recall the earliest efforts of the nursery, and the most elaborate one, at p. 106, may be regarded from either side, or upside down, without any clue to its meaning being discovered. Considering that the author calls himself an artist, the thumb-nail style of the illustrations is somewhat resented by the reader ; and, if they had been altogether omitted, there would have been no loss to the interest of the book, and some avoidance of critical irritation. At the same time, there is no reason to take too seriously the hasty sketches of a mountain note-book if the descriptions of scenery and character which the pencil has failed to reproduce are vivid and accurate. It is true that experienced mountaineers will find the fears and stumbles of an amateur climber in the Himalayas open to the same criticism as the sketches ; but the ordinary reader who has never crossed the line of perpetual snow, or even negotiated a pass of 10,000 or 12,000 feet, will find himself far more in sympathy with Mr. McCormick in his first experiences of high mountain climbing than with experts like his chief, Sir W. Conway, to whom dangers are made to be overcome and peaks, however lofty or difficult, to be climbed, and in whose serene confidence neither fear nor hesitation seems to have any place. There is, perhaps, no one who has a more supreme consciousness of superiority to his weak and halting fellow-creatures than the great and successful mountaineer. Nor would we in any degree seek to depreciate his triumphs ; for there is no pursuit which more directly calls out and stimulates the highest qualities of men—courage, unselfishness, devotion, and endurance—than that of the mountain climber who, hour by hour, looks death calmly in the face among the glaciers and precipices, where a false step is destruction. Mr. McCormick, in his most interesting narrative, makes no claim to this divine assurance. His experiences have the same power to excite human sympathy as is possessed by the story of the recruit in Mr. Stephen Crane's book, "The Red Badge of Courage" ; and, as such, we can cordially commend it to English readers. For Mr. McCormick, although a new recruit, has borne himself with admirable fortitude, and has worthily won his spurs, and we follow him with unflagging interest from his first climb to the day when he leaves the snows for the Capuan delights of Srinagar and the beautiful valley of Kashmir.

The hardships and dangers of Himalayan exploration are very great, and have lately been sadly proved by the death of an accomplished climber, Mr. A. F. Mummery, in the district which forms the subject of Mr. McCormick's book. His last letter to Mr. Bryce, which has been recently published, mentions, among the chief difficulties of the expedition, the interminable loose stones and the great heat in the high altitudes, where the rarefaction of the air prevents the direct rays of the sun being tempered by atmospherical influences. These

are the difficulties which chiefly affected Mr. McCormick, and more especially in his capacity as artist. He describes the troubles of a water-colour painter who can hardly venture to work in sunlight without wearing glasses, and who has nevertheless no compensation at sunset when the thermometer falls 100°, and the water in his palette-tin turns to ice. Mr. McCormick's descriptions of mountain scenery are exceedingly good and effective, and to their accuracy all those who have any personal experience of the high Himalayas can testify.

The second book on our list is of a different character, and deals with the administration of the Naga Hills and Manipur, a small native State at the opposite extremity of the Himalayas to that in which Mr. McCormick did his mountaineering. Manipur is one of a chain of valleys connecting Bengal with North Burmah, and although the whole area of the State is about equal to Yorkshire and Cumberland together, the valley proper, which contains half the entire population, is only 650 miles in extent. The Manipuris are a fine, manly, and intelligent people, of Indo-Chinese origin, with great artistic aptitude and devoted to sport of all kinds. Englishmen who were in Calcutta soon after the Mutiny will remember the sensation created by the then unfamiliar game of polo which the Manipuris played successfully against all comers on their wiry little ponies. Although polo is an ancient game, well known in Indian and Persian records, yet to the Manipuris belongs the credit of introducing it to the modern world.

The present work consists of the reminiscences and experiences of General Sir James Johnstone, K.C.B., one of the many military officers in the political service of the Indian Government, who was in charge of British relations with the Manipur State from 1877 to 1886, and who was unfortunately killed by a fall from his horse last summer. General Johnstone was well known in India as a man of energy, resource, and great natural kindness of disposition, which endeared him to the natives whom his resolution kept in control. He was not a man of conspicuous brilliancy or ability, but an admirable type of the solid, honest, and benevolent administrators whom our Indian Empire has supplied in ever-sufficient numbers, and who there is no reason to believe will fail us in the future. General Johnstone had not this confidence ; he declares that personal rule is doomed, and that the true rulers of men are so harassed by official red tape that they give way to despair. It is doubtless true that, as the administrative system of India becomes more complicated, the tendency is to bureaucratic piecework, and a scientific division of labour takes the place of the patriarchal rule which gathered all administrative strings into one often strong and competent hand. But it is useless to quarrel with the tendencies of the age. The old order changes, giving place to new ; but those qualities of the English race which have built up the Empire do not seem to-day to be wanting, whether we look to India or Egypt or South Africa, or wherever the storm and stress of life demand resolution and courage. But the Indian Foreign Office has certainly become more in bondage to precedent and red tape than the spirit of the time justifies, and it attempts to repress all vigour and initiative outside its own narrow limits. No department of the Government of India is more in need of strengthening and reform, and the reason of its frequent failure is that it is the last refuge of jobbery and favouritism ; while Foreign Secretaries have too often been mere clerks, with no knowledge of life outside the walls of their office, and destitute of the experience which can be gained in India only by long and intimate intercourse with the natives. No Foreign Secretary should be appointed who has not served for ten years in political charge of native States. Theoretical knowledge of the office and of text-books, without practical experience, only leads to shame and disaster, as in Manipur in 1891, when incompetence in the Foreign Office and the Political Agency was repeated in the military department, and a revolution which a strong man would have snuffed out in a few days was allowed, by folly and inexperience, to develop into a serious crisis, damaging to English prestige in the East, and leaving a heritage of future trouble. Had General Johnstone been Resident in

Manipur in 1891, it is certain that there would have been neither revolution in the Palace nor any defiance of, and resistance to, the British Government. The officials to blame were so highly placed that the Government found it convenient to conceal the true history of an episode which reflected equal discredit upon the civil and military administration.

"A History of the Deccan," the first volume of which is now published, has been compiled by Mr. J. D. B. Gribble, formerly of the Madras Civil Service, and is dedicated to His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad, whose visit to England in the coming spring gives additional interest to a work which is so largely concerned with his dominions. Mr. Gribble has brought great industry and knowledge of the country to this compilation, which, having no pretence to originality, forms a connected history of the Deccan for the four hundred years from the Muhammadan invasion in the fourteenth century to the establishment of the dynasty of which the Nizam is the present representative. The work, which is of some historical importance, although the number of readers whom it will attract in England cannot be numerous, is of too technical a character to be dealt with satisfactorily on this occasion, and we will defer a detailed review until its publication be completed.

#### TUCKERMAN AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"Personal Recollections of Notable People at Home and Abroad, with other Papers." By Charles K. Tuckerman, First Minister Resident of the United States to Greece. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1895.

WHO is Tuckerman?—the obvious question on opening these unnecessary tomes—turns out to be supererogatory; for, despite much grotesque egotism, he is the flimsiest vehicle for the conveyance of weak moralizing and venerable anecdotes. We believe there is, in one of our halfpenny evening contemporaries, a column headed "Mainly about People," where tedious chatter about tedious people is tediously set down every night. Tuckerman's book is like a never-ending column of this kind, and the reader's first impression of Tuckerman is very much that which Mrs. Gamp formed about Mrs. Harris: it occurs to him that Tuckerman may have been invented to chaperone a collection of cuttings from the Yankee papers or English papers written in Yankee. But a glance at the frontispiece dispels the illusion instantly: no one could have invented such nullity of expression, and such sleek smugness, as are depicted on every feature. The portrait is an ideal resultant of the book: it is a speaking likeness; it is Tuckerman to a T.

"An anecdote is worth a volume of biography" is quoted from Channing (whoever Channing may be) on the title-page of each volume, and no doubt the sentiment is true of Tuckerman's biography, though not of any one of his anecdotes. Least of all is the anecdote with which, *apropos de bottes*, Tuckerman abruptly opens his narrative, in evident anxiety to secure the value of "a volume of biography" at the earliest possible moment, capable of atoning for the rest of his work. It is about "a man who was so transported with joy as he stood up at the altar-rail to be married that his thoughts reverted to a day when he stood up at the prisoner's bar in a court of justice . . . and when the clergyman put the question, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' he answered, with startling distinctness, 'Not guilty, so help me God!'" As this anecdote has neither point nor verisimilitude of its own, Tuckerman proceeds to explain his reasons for introducing it. These are, that he is sitting "on this January day, before a window open from ceiling to balcony, at a winter resort on the Italian Riviera." After the traditional twaddle about "the odour of orange-blossoms stealing into the apartment," "the sea, like a vast floor of liquid azure, scintillating in the sunlight," and "the summer-like air scarcely stirring the leaves of the palm-trees," he informs us that "a few moments ago, while dreamily surveying the scene, it suddenly appeared to change," and he saw a vision

of a winter wind whirling snow-flakes along the side-walks of a familiar city. Lest we should fail to understand precisely what had been happening, he kindly explains that he "had been suddenly transported"—although no previous thought had led up to it—to his "native city of Boston, in New England," and lest we should fail to appreciate the importance of all this or its connexion with the story of the married prisoner, the following lucid explanation is afforded:—"This is another example of the effect of contrasts, and the vision of the winter's day represented what is very likely to be the actual condition of the weather there to-day, as I write these lines under the soft sky of Italy." How apposite! How striking! How profound!

The first part of the book is devoted to reflections and anecdotes of this calibre about America; the second part is about England; and the third about the East of Europe. The first chapter is entitled "The Hub of the Universe," and, in the fond hope of saving Tuckerman the trouble of attempting to write another volume of biography, we offer him his own, or rather Channing's, equivalent in anecdote. Once upon a time a man came up to the first milestone outside Boston, and read I.M. FROM BOSTON. Interpreting this as "I'm from Boston," he exclaimed, as we are tempted to exclaim to Tuckerman after reading his chapter on "The Hub of the Universe," "Wal, you needn't be so tarnation stuck up about it." It appears from this chapter that the style of conversation among the young ladies of Boston is on this wise:—"Pray tell me, Mr. Gotham, which do you find the more difficult—to realise the ideal or to idealise the real?"; that the favourite Boston dish is "Indian pudding"; and that the Bostonians were cross with Dean Stanley because, when they asked him if Boston reminded him more of London or of Paris, he answered, "Of neither. It reminds me more of Geneva." Which is "rough"—on Geneva. The next chapter, on "Boston Notabilities," at last informs us who Channing was, and we are relieved to find that the name on the title-page was not a misprint for Canning. Channing turns out to have been a Unitarian divine, who was so anxious about his health that he never stirred out of doors if the wind was from the east. Once, when the weather was unusually mild and agreeable, he kept religiously indoors for three weeks because "the weathercock of the Park Street Church, visible from his window," was rusty and never veered from the east.

From Boston we are taken to New York, where John Jacob Astor is mentioned as "the first Astor-oid in the planetary group of a brilliant family"; where a tale is told (for the benefit of the marines) about "a certain young lady friend of mine" who snubbed "a Russian Imperial Prince," when he asked her to dance; and where at last we have an approach to a good story. John Van Buren had been defending a prisoner "charged with the commission of a loathsome and nameless crime." Being asked, in a bantering tone by one of his friends, "Is there *any* crime too vile, too filthy, too disgusting, for you to defend?", "I don't know," he replied airily,—"what have you been doing?" The chapter on Washington is only interesting from the glimpses of "social life" there. We are told of legislators appearing at evening parties there "dressed in a buttoned-up frock-coat and a coloured necktie, with gloves worn perhaps for the first time in" their lives, and of their wives "rejoicing in necklaces of mock pearls as large as gooseberries," and we are warned against "laughing too loudly at the outer man, lest when it came to a comparison of respective intellectual endowments, the deficit should be found in" ourselves. The recollections of Presidents Lincoln and Johnson are evidently introduced solely for the purpose of showing that Tuckerman had met them. But there is amusement to be derived from the account of his visit to General Grant, and of the difficulty in inducing "the butcher of the wilderness," as Tuckerman says he was called, to answer in anything more than monosyllables. Perhaps the worst and most characteristic chapter in the whole book is that entitled "Before and Behind the Scenes," in which we have everything *à bon Tuckerman* ever saw or heard of anybody, however remotely, connected with the stage,

It is when we come to Tuckerman's impressions of England that the fun becomes fastest and most furious—at Tuckerman's expense. We have Tuckerman's views on comparative gentility; an Exeter Hall version of London gin-palaces and drunken women; and the narrative of a visit to the ball of St. Paul's, with a specimen of what Tuckerman mistakes for humour: "To die by a ball discharged from a cannon is common enough"—he quotes from "the punster of the party"—"but whoever heard of a man perishing in a ball which not even the Canon of Saint Paul's could discharge?" We are really curious to know where "the smile comes in," as they would say in Tuckerman's country. Then Tuckerman goes into "society," and discovers that Englishmen pronounce "really" as if it were written "rarely" (or is it that Americans say "really" when they really mean "rarely"?), and that Englishmen say "Don't you know?" or "Isn't it?" at the end of every sentence. This reminds us (and here is the equivalent of another volume for the thankful Tuckerman) of the traveller who saw a red-haired woman at Calais, and wrote down on his tablets "All Frenchwomen have red hair." After a vocabulary of colloquial English, containing much that is new to us, we find a few wrinkles about colloquial Yankee—as, for instance, that "'nasty,' in American parlance, is the synonym of filthy"—and the assertion that "when the American dispenses with the erroneous use of the words 'guess' and 'fix,' &c. . . our common language will become more 'pure and undefiled.'" "Our common language" is delicious.

Among further information afforded us are the facts that Tuckerman "entirely disapproves" of fox-hunting; that when a lady writes to him "Will you dine with us on Thursday at seven?" he declines the invitation, not because the hour is early, but because the wording is too "laconic"; that archbishops cross their "purple legs" after dinner; and that Mr. Spurgeon "entered Paradise" at 11.5 P.M. precisely. Tuckerman once entered into conversation with "a clergyman" in the monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens, and this is made an excuse for two pages describing precisely what the monkeys were doing. When the conversation was over, Tuckerman turned to a man in livery and said, "Who is that clergyman?" The man looked at Tuckerman as if he were hoaxing him. "You do not know, sir? Why, I thought I seed you a-walkin' and a-talkin' with his Grace?"—"His Grace? Then he is a bishop, I suppose. I ought to have known as much from the cord on his hat." As a matter of fact, the "clergyman" was the Archbishop of Canterbury. This prompts the following sage and characteristic reflection:—"It must require a good deal of tact and a careful investigation of personal character to select among the higher clergy a suitable archbishop, who . . . shall fitly fill the place of shepherd over so vast and various a flock of Church religionists."

Even when Tuckerman gets away to the East of Europe, *cælum non animum mutat*, and we have the same dull trickle of pointless anecdote, the same half-witted witticisms, the same unobservant observations, and a constant apotheosis of the commonplace extract of commonplace book. Such a production cannot fail to be a failure, and we may at least find consolation in the fact that we have now heard the last of Tuckerman and all his works.

#### THOREAU'S VERSES.

"Poems of Nature." By Henry David Thoreau. Selected and edited by H. S. Salt and F. B. Sanborn. London: John Lane. 1895.

**T**HIS is a book which, by injudicious praise, might easily be rendered intolerable. Thoreau was not a poet, and any extravagant appeal made to us to admit him to poetic fame would have to be roughly and summarily met. But his editors have shown a wise moderation. They excuse in Thoreau's verse elements which are really inexcusable; but they make no excessive claim upon us. We are, therefore, willing to admit that the publication of this little volume was not superfluous; we are even surprised that it has been so long

delayed, since the youngest of these pieces appears to be more than half a century old. Thoreau has secured a safe position as one of the more original and graceful prose-writers of America. His relation to Hawthorne, and still more, of course, to Emerson, is obvious and respectable. The author of "Walden" is a prose classic of New England, and we turn to his amateur verse with interest, when we are not called upon to admire it as consummate poetry.

The mind of Thoreau, as has been often observed, resembled in certain aspects that of R. L. Stevenson, whose *Wanderjahr* period was undoubtedly influenced by the vagabond writings of the New Englander. The poems here collected add to the resemblance; for, though Thoreau never rises to the charming felicity of Stevenson's half-dozen best lyrics, the general tenour of the verse of these two men is curiously similar. It is no flattery to Thoreau to say that many of his gnomic pieces might have been written by Stevenson in his less inspired moments. The attitude to self, to the inanimate world, to the moral forces, is often strangely identical, although in the case of Thoreau there is no indication of Stevenson's wide and generous humanity. There was always an element of sorness in Thoreau, a desire not so much to retire from the world as to make the world withdraw from him. He was a Yankee Diogenes, with his tub arranged just within sound of Emerson's dinner-bell; for, like a cross-grained pet animal, Thoreau liked to be able to come home to his meals. With this want of amiability, there was in him, besides his really remarkable gift of style, a penetrative power of thought and an independence of attitude to life, which were of real importance, beyond the merely doctrinaire value which appeals to his present editor, Mr. Salt, and to other professed Socialists. These finer qualities are undoubtedly seen in his verse.

But the technical imperfections of Thoreau's prosody make it impossible to take him seriously. He had no ear at all. In a very short song here printed he rhymes "gone" with "throng," and "perchance" with "haunts," and in another, where every ultimate line is supposed to end with an identical sound, we have a succession of "hunter," "agone," "waters," and "song." He is sometimes rather like the "metaphysical" poets of the middle of the seventeenth century. His editors are reminded of Herbert by his lyric called "Sic Vita"; if they had said Vaughan, we could agree with them. The best piece in the volume, and the least imperfect, is named "The Fall of the Leaf"; it contains these stanzas:—

"The evening of the year draws on,  
The fields a later aspect wear;  
Since Summer's garishness is gone,  
Some grains of night tincture the noontide air.

Behold! the shadows of the trees  
Now circle wider 'bout their stem,  
Like sentries that by slow degrees  
Perform their rounds, gently protecting them.

And, as the year doth decline,  
The sun allows a scantier light;  
Behind each needle of the pine  
There lurks a small auxiliar to the night."

If this were signed by Davenant, whose style it much resembles, our antiquarian critics would praise it, and the line which we have italicised contains a really brilliant conceit. But even here the texture is strangely imperfect; the contracted "bout" and "year" as a dissyllable are irritating flaws in it. "Mountains" and "Smoke" will be read with pleasure, and, in spite of its crudity, the volume is worth possessing.

#### A HISTORY OF THE 17TH LANCERS.

"A History of the 17th Lancers (Duke of Cambridge's Own)." By the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

**W**E gladly welcome this addition to our regimental histories, and trust the good example of the author will not be lost on those of our cavalry officers

who may possess industry and literary skill sufficient to enable them to attempt a similar task. As we have more than once pointed out, our regimental histories are usually miserably bald and inadequate, and the best incentive to *esprit de corps*—the study of the brave deeds of bygone days—is, therefore, lacking in many corps. It is especially to our author's credit that he has succeeded, under more than ordinary difficulties, because the regimental papers of our blue Lancers were lost at sea in 1797, and since then many decades have passed by unrecorded by any pen connected with the regiment itself. It was to external sources of information, therefore, that the writer had to turn, and what such a quest implies only those who have searched dusty piles of faded manuscripts, comprising pay-lists, muster-rolls, and inspection-returns, can imagine. Mr. Fortescue has, however, been equal to the occasion, and has succeeded in producing a book not only full of special information, but most readable, and illuminated throughout by a knowledge of military history and tactics which render it valuable to more than the narrow circle of people immediately connected with the regiment. The first few pages, which describe the origin of the regiment, and of the gruesome device which distinguishes its appointments, show how much our regimental traditions and badges sometimes imply, and how necessary such histories as the one before us are. Probably none of the general public, when they wonder at the strange skull and cross-bones, and perhaps occasionally deride what they may consider a theatrical embellishment, realize that it marks the memory of General Wolfe, and that the regiment was raised to commemorate his heroic death. We dare swear that, until the pages before us appeared, many even wore the sombre trappings and were ignorant of what they meant. Yet so it was, and the 17th Lancers are to-day the most enduring monument to the fame of the brilliant leader who fell on the Heights of Abraham. In the opening pages, too, some most interesting details, which will interest all who care for military history, are given as to the origin and distinctive differences of the various corps, which nowadays vary comparatively little except in name from one another. The Dragoon, and the Light Dragoon, and the Horseman pure and simple, all had once their peculiar sphere of usefulness, and it is one more example of the irony of fate that the Light Dragoon regiments, originally but mounted infantrymen, became gradually perhaps the smartest of all our cavalry, and all developed into what we term "crack" corps. The account of the old system of attack which marred the efficiency of the cavalry of the seventeenth century is well worth reading, and cavalry soldiers will do well to lay some of the lessons thus conveyed to heart. Squadrons must still rely on shock, and must forget all about their carbines, when they are launched into a decisive combat. To assert as much may appear a mere truism, and every member of a tactical society will glibly quote a paragraph which will show that he clearly understands that a charge should be "sudden, rapid, and opportune." Certainly it should, but cavalry soldiers have, nevertheless, always shown a leaning towards trying the effect of a volley ere they rush in. Cromwell himself, Mr. Fortescue thinks, was prone to the weakness; the French cavalry, in 1870, certainly exhibited it; so did the Austrians in 1866, so did the French in the Peninsula, and the Russians in the Crimean War. When he discusses the last-named struggle, Mr. Fortescue has something to say of the Charge of the Light Brigade which is really valuable, and shows more appreciation of the true value of that much-talked-of feat than is usually displayed. It was by no means so completely a mere piece of melodrama such as a well-worn epigram has led many to suppose. As a display of disciplined courage it had its influence on our own army, and on the Russians too, and the example of what our men and officers could dare and do was certainly not thrown away upon our foes. Their cavalry was thoroughly scared, and even the infantry had to be formed into squares to resist the onslaught of the few heroes who lived to ride through their batteries; had support, indeed, been at hand, the result might have been brilliantly successful, after all, and the terrible loss of the Light Cavalry not been altogether in vain.

And there is an incident of this glorious feat of arms which is so full of human nature and military instinct that every "Seventeenth" man must thank Mr. Fortescue for having commemorated it amongst the regimental records:—

"In the Seventeenth that morning (the 25th October) there were 130 men in the ranks, increased at the last moment by the arrival of Private Vegh, the regimental butcher, who, hearing that the regiment was about to be engaged, rode up fresh from the shambles to join it. He was dressed in a blood-stained canvas smock, over which he had buckled the belt and accoutrements of one of the Heavy Dragoons who had been killed in the charge; and, having accommodated himself also with the dead Dragoon's horse, he now rode up with his pole-axe at the slope."

When such a spirit as is evidenced here prevailed amongst the rank and file, no wonder they rode as they did, and we may be sure that the butcher with his pole-axe influenced by his bearing every man who set eyes on him. Although the Heavy charge does not, properly speaking, come within the scope of this volume, it is incidentally mentioned, as it should have been. It would have been better, however, had a few more lines been devoted to it; for, if it be spoken of at all, it should be correctly, however briefly, described. And to say that "Scarlett thereupon wheeled the Heavies and delivered the attack," is a singularly misleading description of a collision in which three hundred of our Dragoons, at first unaided, faced the great hostile column. The pages dealing with the events in Central India in 1858, and the exploits of that most brilliant soldier, Sir William Gordon, are perhaps, however, the most fascinating of all; and we venture to think few more courageous acts are recorded in the whole book than one of those for which Sir Evelyn Wood, who was then serving with the regiment, received his Victoria Cross. At Sindwaho "Lieutenant Evelyn Wood, of the Seventeenth, who had been doing duty with the 3rd Light Cavalry since they left Mhow, no sooner saw this square than he attacked it singly and alone, selecting the corner man as his first opponent. . . . Then a small party of 8th Hussars, under the adjutant, Mr. Harding, was brought up to Lieutenant Wood's assistance by Lieutenant Bainbridge of the Seventeenth, and the rebels began to disperse. Harding called out to Wood to fight one of them, and himself selected another. The Sepoy waited for Harding until he was so close that the fire of the musket singed his stable jacket, and shot him dead. Lieutenant Wood's opponent also waited for him with the bayonet, till, finding the chest of his horse almost on the top of him, he clubbed his musket, and was at once run through the body by Wood's sword." That was one of the gallant actions that gained Evelyn Wood a V.C., and it is well that his old regiment should be mindful of what the Quarter-master-General of to-day did when he belonged to it. It is well that such deeds, and there are many more such in this book, should be recorded, and it is best of all when the work is as excellent as that on which we can, without hesitation, congratulate Mr. Fortescue.

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according to the terms of the Charter itself, not merely relieving the Company of its political duties, but cancelling its proprietary rights. Two points only remain. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that it is proved that Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Beit were the instigators of Dr. Jameson's raid, and that the penal clause of the Charter is put in operation, what about the innocent shareholders? Is their property to be confiscated because Messrs. Rhodes and Beit tried "to jump" the Rand? The answer to this is, that they have chosen to confide their pecuniary interests to Messrs. Rhodes and Beit, and that they must suffer as shareholders suffer every day from the honest or dishonest mistakes of their Directors. But surely public opinion, it will be said, would never tolerate the enforcement of Clause 35. Probably it would not, and doubtless a middle course will be adopted. The Company will still have to pay for, but will not be allowed to control, the administration of the territories in its jurisdiction. It may have to pay an indemnity. And thus, with diminished prestige and a somewhat depleted exchequer, it will sink to the level of an ordinary South African land company.

## MR. PAGE'S EDITION OF HORACE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

CHARTERHOUSE, GODALMING,  
19 December, 1895.

SIR,—Your review of my "Parnassus" edition of Horace ends with this sentence: "If Mr. Page can defend the text which he has presented, he either possesses very remarkable dialectic powers or he has access to some source of knowledge which has hitherto eluded the vigilance of Horatian critics."

You will allow, I think, that such a statement challenges a reply. Unfortunately, however, on reading the article over most carefully, I fail to find a single reference to any error in the text. The reviewer's criticisms are wholly devoted to the few alternative readings which I have ventured to add, nearly always in a single line, at the foot of many pages. The condemnation of my text rests, therefore, wholly on the *ipse dixit* of the writer.

Whether, however, his decision is infallible may be judged from one or two criticisms, in which he leaves the safe ground of vague vituperation in order to make a definite attack.

In Od. 43. 24. 4 he rebukes me for giving Lachmann's "terrenum omne tuis et mare publicum" as an alternative reading for "Tyrrhenum . . . Apulicum," and calls it "the worst conjecture ever made in Horace." He is apparently unaware that this so-called "conjecture" is supported by such a chain of evidence that it is printed in the text not only by Kiessling, but also in the very conservative fourth edition of Orelli. The ordinary reading is, in fact, almost indefensible: (1) "omne" is meaningless, for no villas could occupy "all" the Tyrrhene Sea; (2) "Apulicum" has poor MS. authority; (3) its scansion is astounding; (4) it is absurd, for no Romans ever built houses on the Apulian coast; (5) the best MSS. give "publicum," which involves some alteration of "Tyrrhenum"; (6) Porphyrius, commenting on the verse, writes "luxuriam . . . non terram tantum verum etiam maria occupantem," thus almost definitely pointing to "terrenum" as existing in MSS. in his day; (7) the sense is much improved, the rich man appropriating not only "all the land," but also "the general sea." A critic who condemns Lachmann's reading as unworthy of mention should certainly not talk rashly of the "science of criticism."

But it is worth while to see his views of criticism. In Sat. 1. 3. 120 Horace writes "nam ut ferula cædas meritum majora subire verbera non vereor." Here your reviewer accuses me for not quoting Palmer's suggestion to write *nunc* for *non*, and asserts that this "or some like correction is absolutely essential," because "in this passage alone in all Latin literature 'vereor ut cædas' means 'I fear that you will smite.'" Yet (1) this passage is not unique, for Krüger (13th edition) quotes an exactly similar passage from Livy, 28. 22. 12, and both passages are discussed in Gildersleeve's Latin Grammar; (2) to talk about "vereor ut cædas" is misleading, for all critics agree that it is the fact of *ut cædas* preceding, and not following *non vereor*, which accounts for the exceptional grammar; (3) the MSS. have no reading except *non*,

and it is surely not the duty of an editor to alter evidence because someone in the nineteenth century is convinced that he can write better Latin than Horace.

My poor edition has, I know, many faults, and, for example, my failure to credit Prof. Palmer with his admirable *ignoto aut ut me*, Sat. 1. 6. 6, is inexcusable; but a reviewer should attempt to understand his subject and to justify his statements.—Your obedient servant,

T. E. PAGE.

[Mr. Page writes, "on reading the article most carefully, I fail to find any reference to any error in the text." Yet the only sentences in his rejoinder which attempt to do anything more than appeal to German authority or inveigh against the reviewer are in defence of an error in his text pointed to and condemned by the reviewer—namely, the maintaining of *ut* in Sat. 1. 3. 120. I do not think I can write better Latin than Horace; but I should feel sure that I could not write worse if I believed, as Mr. Page does, that Horace wrote *ut* in that sense. The "exactly similar passage from Livy" is absolutely inapplicable; the *ut* does not even depend on *timeri*. I am quite familiar with Krüger's unsuccessful attempt to defend the *ut*. Gildersleeve rightly gives up the Livy passage by explaining *ut . . . auderent* as exegetic of an omitted *illud*. He attempts to soften down the *ut* in Horace by pointing to the obviously irrelevant fact that *ut* precedes, as if (in poetry, too, under the shackles of metre) *ut cædas vereor* could possibly have a different meaning from *vereor ut cædas*. But Gildersleeve is too good a grammarian to believe in such a principle, and adds a plea of *anacoluthon*. He writes, "two strange cases are cited in which *ut* instead of *ne* seems to be used." Then he explains both on other principles. This Mr. Page ingeniously calls discussing them together. In fact, Gildersleeve evidently does not believe that Horace wrote such a solecism. This usage of *ut* for *ne* stands, I repeat, *absolutely alone* in Latin. Unless MSS. are infallible it *must* be wrong. Moreover, I referred to other errors in his text, and could point to many more. To take only one, in Od. iii. 24. 4, if Mr. Page is so certain that the ordinary reading is almost indefensible, in the name of common sense, as well as criticism, why did he put it in his text? I said he must have remarkable dialectic powers if he can defend the text which he has presented. And must he not, if he can defend a reading which he himself now declares to be "almost indefensible"? Mr. Page ought to be able to defend the text which he has given without any sign of his disbelief in it. And it is the duty of an editor to reject evidence which conflicts with the laws of grammar. A critic is obliged occasionally to use his own intelligence, instead of copying down a traditional text. This Mr. Page calls basing the text on one's *ipse dixit*. But is *Germanus dixit* a better principle? I have long since attempted "to understand my subject"—an aspiration of which Mr. Page's edition shows no sign. I have now, perhaps, succeeded in the effort "to justify my statements."—THE REVIEWER.]

## THE PROHIBITED DEGREES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The recent case of a man who had married at a registry office his aunt by marriage, and was put on trial with her for the offence of making a false declaration, brings before us the deplorable looseness with which the prohibited degrees of kindred and affinity are disregarded by our uneducated classes, and not least by the farmers and agricultural labourers. The marriage of uncle and niece was looked on as quite excusable, though a little irregular, when I came to my parish in the Eastern Counties a few years ago. Inquiring into the facts, I found that these marriages were always celebrated at the Dissenting chapels in the neighbourhood. The fact is, Dissenters and their ministers, at all events in country districts, seem to have no notion of the existence of the Table of Kindred and Affinity, and err through sheer ignorance. The same may be said of the Salvation Army marriages in towns. No proper supervision is exercised, and the parties often dispense with the services of the registry office. It would be a public service if you would open your columns to proposals for the removal of this abuse. Yours faithfully,

A COUNTRY RECTOR.

## REVIEWS.

## IRONCLADS IN ACTION.

"Ironclads in Action : a Sketch of Naval Warfare from 1855 to 1895 ; with some Account of the Development of the Battleship in England." By H. W. Wilson. With an Introduction by Captain A. T. Mahan, U.S.N. 2 vols. London : Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1895.

**T**HIS is beyond doubt a most valuable work, and one for which a very large public will feel indebted to the author. The number of persons who nowadays take a general interest in all questions relating to naval warfare is great. To the general reader the clear accounts of naval operations such as those which culminated in the battle of Lissa, the story of the river fighting at New Orleans, of the adventures of the "Alabama" and her consorts, and, finally, of the recent struggle between China and Japan, cannot fail to be interesting, as forming part of the general history of modern warfare.

To those, and their number is now considerable, who have made a close and special study of warships and their work, and of all the appliances connected therewith, the greater part of Mr. Wilson's book cannot, of course, be new. But few can be so well read, and few can have libraries so well stocked, as not to welcome this very careful and well-arranged compilation. Much of the literature of modern naval warfare has been either purely professional or else journalistic. And, though diligent effort will generally secure information even with regard to the most obscure events, it has hitherto been practically impossible to revive recollections or to refer to authorities without entering upon a tedious and difficult process of research. With its good index, its clear headings, and its chronological arrangement, Mr. Wilson's book comes as a real boon to students not overburdened with time, who have not a reference library perpetually at their elbow.

It is possible, indeed, to go further ; and to say that there are very few even among the best informed who will not find something that is new in these two volumes. And this is specially likely to be the case in the pages devoted to the operations preceding the battle of Lissa, and to those which describe the fighting in the Paraguayan war.

Mr. Wilson is fortunate in having obtained an interesting preface from the pen of Captain Mahan. As might be anticipated, Captain Mahan seizes the opportunity for once more reminding the world of the immutability of the main principles which govern naval warfare ; and of insisting yet once more upon the need for looking backward for our instruction rather than speculating with regard to the future. All that Captain Mahan has to say is wise and reasonable, and it is needless to add that it is well and impressively written. Nor does he seek to strain the doctrine that he preaches by bringing it into too close relation with the facts described in the book itself. It is indeed the peculiar virtue of the work of the author of "Sea Power" that he is content to state his reasoning and his conclusions for what they are worth, without pretending that they are co-extensive with, or occupy more than an important part of, the whole field of controversy connected with naval problems. It is far otherwise with that small but somewhat aggressive clique of writers who, in their professed worship of Captain Mahan, have turned his teaching into a fetish to be cultivated with peculiar and exclusive rites.

There is, as readers of modern naval literature are well aware, a school which having "discovered Captain Mahan" has proceeded to "run him" as a sort of patent, to the exclusion, and at the expense of, all other views and ideas of naval warfare. The practice has led them into a labyrinth of absurdities from which the present book will certainly not do much to extricate them. The main propositions advanced and continually insisted upon by Captain Mahan—namely, that in naval warfare the command of the sea is everything ; that such command is secured by the existence of preponderating fleets at sea, and exists only as long as that preponderance is effectively asserted—are propositions now so generally admitted, that they may fairly be regarded as truisms.

There has grown up, however, a school which, by an odd perversion of reasoning, has been led to assume the position that, when this much is admitted, all that is to be said has been said, and that any one venturing to approach the problems of naval warfare from any other standpoint is an intruder to be scared off, or assaulted as if he were a poacher in a warren, or an infidel in a holy place.

Out of this peculiar habit of mind has arisen the practice of regarding all discussion of the peculiarities of particular ships, the value and distribution of their armament and protection, their speed, and even their geographical distribution and the allocation of their duties, as matters not merely of subsidiary importance, but as matters improper to discuss, and the very mention of which tends to imperil the pure and undisturbed contemplation of the central fetish. It need hardly be pointed out that such a view, often as it finds expression, is utterly irrational, and based on no logical grounds whatever. The fact is that all such questions as those referred to form a part—an essential and important part—of the whole problem which has to be considered. The discussion of them, so far from arousing conflict, should merely tend to throw light upon the problem. It would, indeed, be a sorrowful state of things if our Admiralty were eventually to accept the advice so freely thrust upon them, and to conduct all its operations after the fashion of a maritime "Epimetheus," never looking ahead, but slavishly following the precedents of the past. If it were ever likely to fall into such an error, Mr. Wilson's book should prove a ready corrective. In page after page we find proof that the type of ship is a matter of the most enormous importance ; that the details of armament and protection are points which often decide an action ; that the ingenuity of the designer and the mechanic, though it has never won battles, has constantly led to battles being won. It is pleasant and easy to say that the command of the sea depends upon the superiority of the sea-going fleet. Less nobly put, it is a sentiment which may find an effectual substitute in some such phrase as "He who wins, wins" ; "The stronger is not the weaker" ; or "The greater contains the less." But the phrase in any form throws very little light upon the question which really concerns us—namely, "Who is going to win?" "Which party is likely to be the stronger?" It is most curious and instructive to note with what precision Mr. Wilson proves in every chapter of his two big volumes that in naval warfare success has been over and over again achieved by "Prometheus," and not by "Epimetheus." It has been won by anticipating what the future will demand, not by clinging to the practice or following the teaching of the past.

In Elizabethan times our ships destroyed their Spanish opponents because they had been supplied with heavy guns which "hacked the Spaniards through and through." The success in the Channel was half a seaman's victory, but half a constructor's. In the great war with France every tradition was in favour of long light guns. A few stubborn "faddists" declared that they disbelieved in the long gun, and preferred to try the short and heavy carronade. The carronades destroyed the lighter weapons—again a constructor's victory.

In 1812 the United States broke the tradition in favour of 32-gun frigates, and sent to sea heavy vessels heavily armed. Their only naval successes were with such ships ; they did not hold the sea, it is true, but that was because they could not carry out the change on a large enough scale. Another success for the "faddist" and the constructor. In 1854 the Russian batteries made the decks of our ships untenable by their shell-fire. "Prometheus," as Mr. Wilson points out, had already been at work in the United States, and the ironclad had been foreseen as a necessity long before "Epimetheus" allowed it to be adopted. If the "faddist" had had his way, we should have destroyed Sebastopol forts as the French destroyed the Kinburn batteries. In the United States civil war, above all, it was foresight which conquered retrospection. By every rule the predominant navy of the North ought to have been master of the sea. In the end it became so, but no one who

reads what was the result of the appearance of a single ship, the "Merrimac," in Hampton Roads can fail to realize how nearly that mastery was lost. That it was not lost was owing to the fact that a "faddist" and constructor had, despite every naval authority and in the face of ridicule and obstruction from the naval service, succeeded in getting his way. As to the magnitude of the "faddist's" triumph, it is fairly described by Mr. Wilson when he declares that the capture of New Orleans—a naval operation of the first class and undertaken by a whole fleet—was less important than the defeat of the "Merrimac" by the "Monitor."

Again we find that the career of the "Alabama" was summarily put an end to by the "Kearsage." Why? because the guns of the "Kearsage" were better and heavier than those of the "Alabama." There were other reasons, but this was the chief. Again a victory won by appliances.

Coming to a later period, Mr. Wilson is still more explicit. Speaking of the French blockade of Prussian ports—a blockade, by the way, which he estimates as costing the Germans 200,000/- a day—Mr. Wilson goes so far as to declare that "the matériel of war dictated the strategy of the fleet." Yet once more is the same lesson taught in the description of the war between Chili and Peru. For a time Peru commands the sea—why? because the "Huascar" had an advantage of a knot in speed over the fastest Chilian ironclad. The "Cochrane" is cleaned and improved; in her turn she has a knot to spare, presto! the tables are turned, the "Huascar" is defeated, and the whole fortune of the naval war is changed.

Last of all, though the list of instances is very far from being exhausted, we come to the battle of the Yalu, a constructor's victory if ever there was one; for who can doubt that if the Chinese ships had been properly armed and provided with serviceable ammunition, it would have gone ill with the Japanese? Who can doubt that it was the constructor's art, and that alone, which saved the two Chinese ironclads from destruction? But enough has been said on this subject to prove our contention—namely, that while strategy and general dispositions have much to do with success in naval war, no strategy and no general dispositions will give victory, and still less the control of the sea, unless superiority can be ensured when actual contact between ships takes place. Success in such a case is, and always has been, largely due to mechanical advantages, and to a wise distribution of the means of offence and defence. To underrate the value of these matters is as unwise as it is absurd to pretend that the discussion of them does not form a necessary and important part of the whole question of naval supremacy.

To return, in the brief space which remains to us, to other matters referred to in Mr. Wilson's work. A few points are especially noteworthy. In the first place, there is the essential lesson to be learnt that the blockade of the "Augusta" in Vigo could only be effectively carried out under modern neutrality laws by two vessels, and that it is only by operating in pairs that cruisers can effectually shadow a hostile ship.

The coaling of the "Alabama" in Venezuela without protest on the part of the North, either at the time or since, and without any subsequent claim for damages, is worthy of remark.

The proved failure of the 9 in. M.L. gun in our service would, one would have thought, have led the devotees of the Epimethean method to get rid of it at any price. It is sorrowful to reflect that we still rely upon this useless gun. The distribution of guns contrary to British practice is, Mr. Wilson thinks, essential. No doubt this reform will come in time, like some others which have been equally stoutly resisted.

These and many other suggestions of interest are to be found in this book. It is readable, well printed, and the illustrations, though not particularly germane to the text, are an addition to the book.

It is a pity that in the table of armament of the "Majestic," given at p. 141, vol. ii., two serious blunders should have been allowed to pass. The "Majestic" has not six 12 in. guns, but four, and she has no nine-inch guns.

#### A FRENCHMAN ON THE MADAGASCAR PROTECTORATE.

"Voyage à Madagascar, 1889-1890." By Dr. Louis Catat. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1895.

"*J e suis Français*" is one of the many redundant statements with which M. Catat expands the story of his journey in Madagascar until it fills this ponderous, closely-printed volume. Hysterical Anglophobia, wails at the folly of friends, and tirades against political opponents, are spread so uniformly through the book that there is hardly a paragraph, certainly not a page, which, if translated into any language, living or extinct, would not betray the nationality of the author. Dr. Catat was entrusted with a scientific mission to Madagascar by the French Minister of Public Instruction in 1888. He accordingly "paid his adieux to his family and to France," and proceeded to Tamatave. He spent nearly two years in the island, most of the time being devoted to the study of Imerina, the country of the Hova, or, as the author calls them, the Antimerina. After a stay of some months in this district he returned to Tamatave, and thence crossed the island to Majunga, which he describes as being very malarial and the hottest place on the west coast. He went back to the capital along the route recently followed by the French expedition. His next journey was to the southern end of the island, going through Fianarantsoa, the chief town of the Betsileo, to Fort Dauphin, at the south-eastern corner of Madagascar.

Dr. Catat is a conscientious and painstaking recorder, and has told us the story of his journey at great length. The island is so well known that no striking geographical discoveries were possible, while the scientific results of the expedition are to follow in a later volume. Dr. Catat realized at the outset that he was going mostly over known ground, and that his work was to fill in the details of his predecessors' sketches. He has done this so conscientiously that his book is a rich mine of information about the country and its people. It has, however, the disadvantages, as well as the advantages, of a mine. It is huge, and the information it contains is buried deep beneath a mass of useless material; the valuable matter has to be quarried out, and then is obtained only as a rough unsifted ore. There is no index; and, as the work is written in narrative form, notes on the geology and the flora, on the people and their folklore, on present trade and available resources, are mixed with trivial incidents of daily experience and moral reflections on the wicked ways of the British. A good index would have trebled the utility of the book; so great is the amount of commonplace in it that one cannot help feeling that its value is in inverse proportion to its weight—which is over seven pounds.

But to the reader who has the patience to dig for information the book is most instructive. The graphic word-sketches and excellent illustrations give an admirable idea of the condition of Madagascar, with its luxuriant tropical vegetation, its belt of rank forest, its remarkable mixture of races, and of the fundamental barbarism which the Hovas hide under a veneer of civilization.

The author devotes most of his energies to teaching two things; first, that the Hova are not the Malagasy; and, second, that a protectorate would be absolutely useless to France. According to M. Catat, Hova is not a tribal name; it is only the term used for the section of the tribe of the Antimerina, which is intermediate between the slaves and the nobles, and thus corresponds with the *bourgeoisie*. Moreover, according to the author, the European idea of the "Hova," or Antimerina, is utterly erroneous, for he says that this tribe is regarded practically as being synonymous with the Malagasy, or at least of such preponderating importance that the other races may be ignored. The tribe, however, was the last to arrive in the island, and its members were at first only pariahs to the others. The author says they owe their present power solely to the Machiavellian intrigues of the English. According to Catat, when Sir Robert Farquhar formed his designs against French influence in Madagascar, he chose the most intelligent race, and by strengthening this secured

for it complete supremacy. The English missionaries helped, by confining their efforts almost entirely to the Antimerina; and, unfortunately for France, her agents, both secular and religious, were snared into following the same plan. As this tribe, therefore, owes its power to the English, it naturally looks to us for guidance. Now, however, M. Catat claims to have pricked the bubble reputation of the Hova, and shown that their power is fictitious, and due only to the perfidy of one set of his predecessors and the folly of the rest. It is this discovery which leads the author to his frenzied hostility to a French protectorate, which, according to him, would simply confirm the Antimerina power, and leave the present rulers free to intrigue with their English allies. Madagascar fully annexed, he predicts, will be "the gem, or at least one of the most beautiful jewels, of our colonial diadem" (p. 402). But "cette politique néfaste de protectorat dans laquelle les Anglais nous ont engagés" he protests, will be utter ruination to French interests. In a chapter written in October 1894 he predicted that a second military expedition to the island would be necessary, as the first resulted only in a useless protectorate. Elsewhere he tells us (p. 135): "Toute expédition qui se termine par un protectorat est une opération désastreuse." Again and again he repeats these views, which he proclaims in the loudest French at his command. His lamentations over the blindness of his compatriots, who will follow the course into which they have been seduced by England, are really pathetic. He exclaims, in agony, like a fowl to a brood of ducklings. "'You are walking into a cruel British snare,' he cries, 'and you won't listen to me.' I know all about it, for I have travelled and sojourned a very long time in Madagascar. I have done some little work there. My conversations with the people have been multiplied; I have traversed Madagascar for more than 6,000 kilomètres, and I have returned to France with a rich harvest. This book is true." And, in spite of my warnings, he goes on, you will probably establish a second protectorate, and thus "perpétuer un état des choses néfaste aux intérêts français." "It is often well said," he groans in a moment of despair, "that colonial enterprises are bad for France. I begin to rally to this opinion. I wait before adopting it completely, till we establish the next protectorate in Madagascar." He has not had long to wait. By the end of the book he has regained his courage, and he concludes in big print with the cheering message to his friends "that, in matters colonial, fear of England is not the beginning of wisdom." "Fear," once said Gambetta, "is the greatest foe of France"; and Dr. Catat's Anglophobia in respect to Madagascar is an illustration of the truth of Gambetta's maxim. If he had not been, to use his own words, "hypnotised and *médusé* by the Britannic spectre," the author would probably have seen that, in the attempt to substitute civilized government for Hovan tyranny, and to open Madagascar to European trade, English sympathies are on the side of France.

#### THE ART OF VELASQUEZ.

"The Art of Velasquez." By R. A. M. Stevenson.  
London: George Bell & Son. 1895.

THE publishers have made Mr. Stevenson's book a big one; but sumptuous paper, wide margins, and large type account for much, and it is really quite an unpretentious little work. "These few notes, taken during a visit to Madrid," is the author's modest description; but very suggestive notes, let us add, the notes of an acute, competent, and congenial observer. Those who want to know about the life of Velasquez, and to gain an exhaustive knowledge of his works and their history, must still go to Justi. Mr. Stevenson is concerned solely with his art; and he expounds with enthusiastic, if rather exclusive, appreciation what is peculiar and incomparable in it. Here the gospel of Impressionism, if one must give it a name, is preached with fulness and with fervour. And how reasonable, how persuasive a gospel it is, when set forth in illustration of the triumphs of its greatest master, and not clouded by the comparatively faltering efforts of young men of to-day! Let us remember for a moment the

kind of attitude which Ruskin commanded to his generation. It is one of his oracular principles that with the great masters every detail of a picture is wrought with as much care, has as much pains bestowed on it, as the central features. The appeal made is solely to our moral judgment; we are to admire the painter because he was a man of thorough and painstaking habits. It says much for Mr. Ruskin's eloquence that a point of view so entirely irrelevant, not to say absurd, should have held its ground so long, even when we remember how prone Englishmen are to judge the productions of art as if they were actions and results of character. This is to judge of art by an extraneous principle: it is therefore an essentially loose view. Mr. Stevenson, on the contrary, bases his principles on the immutable conditions of painting; his view is unimpeachably severe—as Ruskin might say, "entirely right." Of "Las Meninas" he says:—"The admiration this picture raises is akin to the excitement caused by natural beauty; thought is suspended by something like yet different from the enchantment of reality. This is not the reality obtained by the Preraphaelite exploration of nature, which builds up a scene bit by bit, like the map of a new continent. The Preraphaelite painter realizes the result of his separate observations no more than a geographer engaged in the survey of a new coast. He will not conceive of his picture as a big pattern which produces detail: he compiles a great many separate details, and accepts, though he has not designed, the ensemble which they happen to produce."

Again:—"As an art grows, everything that enters into it becomes absorbed more and more into its constitution, and becomes a feature in a living organic unity. With the growth of music composers felt the need of a more logical principle of unity than a mere succession of separate phrases and climaxes; and, as painting developed, painters began to comprehend other and more vital means of picture-making than the use of compelling lines and a formal composition. . . . A canvas should express a human outlook upon the world, and so it should represent an area possible to the attention; that is, it should subtend an angle of vision confined to certain natural limits of expansion."

The painter who conceives his art in this spirit becomes, then, not so much "an embroiderer of given spaces," like the older decorative masters, as "a trimmer of spaces to fit given impressions." It is interesting here to be reminded of a fact noted by Mr. Stevenson, that Velasquez more than once sewed fresh strips of canvas on to his pictures during the painting of them. Up to a certain point Velasquez followed in the steps of the great Venetians, and in the "Surrender of Breda" achieved a triumph comparable to theirs, but not yet fully expressive of his own personal method. In "Las Meninas" he went further, and produced a picture which inaugurates a new period of art, almost a new conception of painting. Yet he was never forgetful of the claims of decoration; his perfect taste, his exquisite judgment, kept him from extravagance or eccentricity. It is one of the misfortunes of our age that no truth can emerge into recognition without the blowing of trumpets and raising of dust. Velasquez is the greatest of impressionists; but no one preached or denounced Impressionism in his day. Neither the clamour of partisans nor the abuse of obsolescent critics disturbed his industry or distracted his clear intelligence. When one enters for the first time the long gallery of the Prado, one feels admitted to a new revelation: Velasquez astonishes, but only as Nature astonishes, with a wonder that is also joy. That this man should be charged with lack of imagination is one of the many ironies of criticism. A more truly imaginative painter never lived. Mr. Stevenson has some vindictive observations on this point; but he does not say enough. It is a difficult subject, made obscurer by the inadequacies of language, which gives two words from the same root—"imaginary" and "imaginative"—of a sense as opposed as "false" and "true." We cannot go into the subject here; but it may be well to affirm, what is often forgotten, that it is through the eye, and only through the eye, that painting appeals; it is in the manner of presenting a thing seen that the imaginative painter is revealed, not in imagining something which he has not seen. The latter faculty should, perhaps,

be called invention ; else we shall be driven to calling Carracci or Le Sueur imaginative painters—which is absurd. But who is imaginative if not the painter who, like Velasquez, receives from what he sees an image so sensitive that, when he reproduces it, he appears to have disengaged the quintessence of its reality? That imagination works under quite different conditions in painting and in poetry seems to be a thing scarcely apprehended by most writers on art.

But, if the critics lag behind, so do the painters. Velasquez is still a goal : we look forward and not back to him. The simple untruth proclaimed by Nicolas Poussin, Painting is nothing more than drawing, is still a motto of academies. The search for lines, where no lines exist in nature, still goes on. It is two hundred years since Velasquez's day : yet how many of the thousands of prolific landscapists now living have arrived within sight of the point at which he, in the few landscape sketches he made, had left their art? Corot has not surpassed the poetic charm of those shadowy gardens with their glimmering marble and soft trees.

Mr. Stevenson's book contains a number of photogravures from the masterpieces of Velasquez, including the marvellous Venus at Rokeby Park, which we much regret not to see again in the New Gallery this winter. These are good, but might have been, we fancy, considerably better. The warm brown tone in which they are printed does not happily reproduce the cool tone of the originals. The forty-three prints from process blocks at the end of the book are more successful in this respect, and are most useful reminders of the pictures. We could wish that it were worth Mr. Stevenson's and the publishers' while to issue these separately in a cheap form ; many a student, we are sure, would welcome them.

#### THE MODEL REPUBLIC.

"The Model Republic : a History of the Swiss People." By F. Grenfell Baker. Nichols & Co. 1895.

A FULL and trustworthy history of Switzerland in the English tongue is still one of the desiderata of the student. The only attempt to construct one of late years had been Sir F. Adams's "Swiss Confederation," a work not purely historical, but devoting much space to the present political and constitutional condition of the country. We were, therefore, prepared to welcome with a kindly eye Mr. Grenfell Baker's stout red volume. But we are bound to confess after perusing it that we think that the model history of the "Model Republic" has still to be written. The book has evidently cost the compiler much trouble : it is written with a genuine fire and enthusiasm that does much to attract the reader ; it contains a fair number of facts not hitherto available in any English work ; but it is hopelessly unsystematic in shape and unhistorical in spirit. To write a history of Switzerland without a preliminary study of the wider history of the ancient realms which contributed fragments to the building up of the Confederacy is a hopeless task. Down to the fourteenth century there was no Switzerland : Alpine districts forming parts of Suabia, Lesser Burgundy, Rhætia, and Lombardy existed in geographical continuity with each other, but had nothing in common. To put incidents which occurred in each of these isolated regions in juxtaposition is not to write a history of Switzerland. Still less is that feat accomplished if the compiler mainly confines himself to the annals of one of those regions for several centuries, and says little or nothing about those of the rest. In our own opinion, the author might practically have begun in the thirteenth century, and allowed the Lake-dwellers, the Helvetii, the Merovingians, and the kings of Lesser Burgundy to take care of themselves. But if Mr. Baker must stray into those rather untrodden fields, he should take care to have the general outlines of the European history to which they belong in good order. He should not assure us that Burgundians were probably Celts (p. 46) ; that Central Gaul formed the province of Gallia Longudunensis (p. 45). Still worse is it to say that "the following Emperors of Germany reigned from 814 to 1039" (p. 73), and that the title of "Emperor of Rome"

was first assumed by Otto the Great in 962—statements which would seem to show that all the labours of Professor Freeman and Dr. Bryce have gone for naught. Among Mr. Baker's "Emperors of Germany" are four princes who never bore the Imperial title—Lewis the Germanic, his sons Carloman and Lewis the Saxon, and his great-grandson Lewis the Child. We can only suppose that Mr. Baker thinks that every one who ruled the East-Frankish realm was necessarily an emperor. An even grosser misconception of the character of the ninth century is shown when we are actually told (p. 67) that Charlemagne conferred honorary coats-of-arms on Luzern, Thurgau, and the Waldstätten—a worthless mediæval legend being thus gravely treated as serious history. One could almost as easily conceive of Charlemagne inventing postage stamps as blazoning heraldic shields. But perhaps the most astonishing statement in all Mr. Baker's earlier chapters is that which assures us that the Saracens, whose incursions vexed the southern parts of the kingdom of Lesser Burgundy in the ninth and tenth century, were "Sclaves of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and not Saracens at all" (p. 75). How, in face of countless tales of Moslem inroads in Provence and up the Rhône Valley, it can be maintained that the invaders whom King Conrad fought were Bosnians, we are at a loss to conceive. The chroniclers of the time knew the difference between the comparatively innoxious Slav and the Moor well enough, and kept them quite distinct. But perhaps the most irritating, if not the most heinous, of Mr. Baker's slips is that throughout his book he calls the canton of Schwyz by the name of Schwyx—why, we are at a loss to conceive.

The second ground on which we must charge the author of "The Model Republic" with writing in a wholly unhistorical spirit is that he appears to regard all authorities as being of equal value. It is quite permissible to quote passages, even of considerable length, from chroniclers contemporary with the events they describe. But it is intolerable to insert page after page from modern, or comparatively modern, writers who have no special merit save that they spare the author the trouble of reference to original sources. Not only are long screeds taken from Planta—a worthy man enough for his time, though much out of date—but Dr. Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopaedia" is laid under requisition for the whole account of some important events. For example, the entire narrative of the battle of Granson, on pp. 204–5–6, is taken *verbatim* from his little volume on Switzerland. If fated to draw on some wholly modern source, Mr. Baker might at least have utilized the far better and fuller description of the battle in Kirk's "Charles the Bold." The blind reliance on the accumulation of heterogeneous material from writers of various prejudices sometimes leads Mr. Baker into curious contradictions or omissions. The abominable treachery of the Swiss in the Italian wars of Charles VIII. and Lewis XII. is slurred over in the lightest way ; the disgraceful bargain by which they sold Ludovico Sforza to the French, in 1500, at Novara, is passed over with the mere statement that "the Swiss garrison of the town preferred to surrender rather than to resist their fellow-countrymen," no mention whatever being made of the Milanese Duke's captivity and perpetual imprisonment at Loches. A similar reliance on the less impartial Swiss sources is, we suppose, the reason why no mention of the defeat of Bicocca is to be found in the book. But perhaps the most curious instance of a blind acceptance of a tainted authority is shown when the Swiss merchants of 1807 are accused—we suppose on French authority—of being "avaricious rather than patriotic," because they tried to evade the Continental system, and passed English and colonial goods into France, in spite of Napoleon's Berlin Decrees. Why a good Swiss should be morally bound to obey the Emperor's system we are at a loss to conceive. A French official document issued by Napoleon's orders would no doubt use that kind of language, and we presume that Mr. Baker gets his quotation from some such origin ; but how any Englishman can reiterate the accusation we confess that we cannot understand. Equally astonishing is the statement, on page 453, that "Napoleon had treated the Swiss with exceptional consideration" ; which we suppose must be another *dictum* of Napoleon himself. The

"exceptional consideration" consisted in having inflicted the Continental system on them; in having torn a yearly contingent of 14,000 men from them to die in Russia or Spain; and in having annexed, for purely strategical reasons, Geneva, the Valais, the Valtelline, and the north-western corner of Canton Bern.

It is a comfort to find that the author is not always following bad sources. He quotes largely from Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's interesting despatches of 1814-15, and is acquainted with some, but not all, of the invaluable writings of Mr. Coolidge. *O si sic omnia!*

#### A WOMAN'S TREK.

"Twelve Hundred Miles in a Waggon." By Alice Blanche Balfour. London: Edward Arnold. 1895.

THE coincidence of the publication of Miss Balfour's book with the recent disasters in the Transvaal lends it a portentous interest which its authoress certainly never anticipated. She and her party are perhaps the only people who have within recent years trekked through the South African veldt for the sheer love of the thing, ignoring the fevers of politics and fortune-hunting on their way. It is true that two years have elapsed since Miss Balfour accepted the hospitality of Mr. Cecil Rhodes at Groot Schuur, while the waggons which were to carry her to Umtali were in process of construction. In the meantime the interest of the world has concentrated itself on the Transvaal, and converted it into a scene where the fiercest of human passions, the lust of liberty and of gold, have burned to a white heat. Even in the spring of 1894 the first mutterings of the storm which has just burst seem to have reached Miss Balfour's ears. The Boers, she says, "will have to accommodate themselves in the end to the much larger and intellectually superior population of Johannesburg," in spite of their contempt of the English since the war. Since then the situation had, she thought, changed on both sides. "For instance," Miss Balfour continues, "thirty years ago the plains of the Transvaal were stocked with innumerable herds of antelopes, and the Dutch were become expert marksmen in shooting them down. So effectually did they do this, that the game is now practically extinct, and I am told that the younger generation, having had no practice in rifle-shooting, are not much better shots than the average Tommy Atkins." One would like to know what Miss Balfour's informant thinks of the situation now.

Of course Miss Balfour goes on to Kimberley, and has a look at the diamonds, though, being a woman, she fails to appreciate them in the rough. They then jolt over the veldt as far as Palapye, Bechuanaland. Here they met with great scarcity of water and encountered Khama, who was dressed à l'anglaise and was sceptical as to the success of the trek. Other people apparently shared this view; but by the time Buluwayo was reached Miss Balfour had made up her mind that trekking has its charms. In the new town they came across Sir John Willoughby and Dr. Jameson, who vacated their huts to give hospitality to the ladies of the party. The humorous description of their rooms has pathos now that a prison cell has sheltered Miss Balfour's hosts. "I have Sir John Willoughby's room," she writes. "This is a true and faithful description of it. It has mud walls, mud floor, thatched roof with no ceiling, doors made of two packing-case lids, and an unglazed window with a shutter of rough boards. Furniture—a bedstead, one box upside down, some wooden shelves, a small strip of matting, an empty whisky-bottle doing duty as a candlestick, and—oh! luxury—a table. Dr. Jameson's room, occupied by Mrs. Grey, is much the same; only it has a six-inch square looking-glass as well, and for the first time for five weeks she has been able to look at her back hair."

Afterwards Miss Balfour takes a sketch of Lobengula's deserted kraal. Then the waggons transport the travellers to Victoria: they stuck in the bog about once in every mile on the way, and the "spider," a kind of buggy drawn by mules, which formed the fourth vehicle in the cavalcade, was smashed. Miss Balfour describes various native dances which she was fortunate enough to witness by accident, and the ruins of Zimbabve, where they met the engineer of some adjacent gold mines,

who told them some fantastic lion stories. The absence of lions seems to have been the only real disappointment in Miss Balfour's South African expedition. She was always hearing about them, but never succeeded in getting within sight of the king of beasts. The gigantic ant-heaps at Salisbury were, although interesting, a poor substitute for big game, especially as they are probably not ant-heaps at all. At Umtali Miss Balfour had opportunities to observe and approve of the Chartered Company's administration, and of the habits of chameleons, which strike terror to the Matabeli heart. Later on they visited Chipango's kraal, where the name of Mr. Selous proved a name to conjure with.

At Beira Miss Balfour took steamer for Zanzibar, whence she made excursions to Mozambique and Dar es Salaam, the German capital, where she received anything but a favourable impression of German rule in Africa. In reference to Dar es Salaam she writes:—"One cannot help contrasting it with such a place as Buluwayo, where you have a few mud huts, a few iron roofs, officials in shirt sleeves, and a general air of bustle and 'go-aheadness,' work being paramount and appearances ignored. Here, on the contrary, are many large buildings, concrete roads, ornamental gardens, officers in spotless uniforms, much clicking of heels and bowing, but nothing else." Then again:—"I became daily more astonished at the number of convicts and prisoners. Everywhere you came upon gangs of four or eight—often women—chained together by the necks, and hounded along by a black policeman or soldier. I should think there were fewer prisoners in all the Chartered Company's territories than in this one little town."

Miss Balfour devotes an interesting chapter to Zanzibar, its Oriental charm and its clove plantations, its slavery and its retrograde Arab Sultan. Not that she ever penetrates below the surface of African life. The interest of her book lies in the spontaneity of her impressions. One recognizes an alert intelligence allied to a genial amiability that gathers enjoyment even from the discomforts of an ox waggon. Her style is extremely feminine with its easy humour and suppleness and its fine disregard of grammar, in curious opposition to the coldly polished periods that are so characteristic of the First Lord of the Treasury. One does not discern much of her brother in Miss Balfour. We fancy she does not mean that we should. In any case her book will not owe its success to the fact of her brother's fame. Its own light-heartedness, which presents so startling a contrast to the gravity of the issues now at stake in the country through which she made a pleasure-trip, will commend it to a wide circle of readers.

#### MEMOIRS OF FATHER HEALY, OF BRAY.

"Memoirs of Father Healy, of Bray." London: Bentley & Son. 1896.

IT is a humiliating reflection that we are all capable of finding some pleasure in a play on words. Even the highest intelligences—Aristophanes, Cicero, Shakespeare—are in this respect no better than your even Christian. But we rarely meet a book in which the pun and punster are apotheosized. The writer of the book before us solemnly believes that the habitual punster is the noblest work of God, and that the whole duty of intellectual man is to be on the look-out for an ambiguity, and to be for ever reminding his unhappy associates of the obvious fact that some words convey two different meanings. On p. 3 there is a play on O'Fay and *au fait*, and on p. 346 (the last page of the book) an elaborate poem in which an episcopal condemnation of round dances is called a "Lock on Human Understanding." Between these two pages there is hardly one without a *jocund ex ambiguo*, and on p. 237 we have a note claiming for Father Healy the authorship of a wretched "verbicide" of the word canon with as much seriousness as if the writer were discussing the rival claims of the French and English discoverers of the planet Neptune. It would appear, too, that there was never a joke made except by Father Healy. On p. 293 the oldest of our readers will recognize a story about a coat which was "too short, but it would be long

enough," &c. He will remember how his grandfather told it to him as a venerable chestnut, and he will be surprised to hear that it was devised by Father Healy and fired off at a Dublin tailor. The book, however, has merit. Unlike the biography of Father Burke by the same author (for we believe we are justified in ascribing the work before us to the late Mr. Fitzpatrick), the present Memoir does not attempt to invest its subject with all the most incompatible virtues. If it were cut down to a third of its length, and all the puns were left out, it would present a very life-like picture of a man who really had a most agile fancy, and who might have been a wit if he had had a better education. His quickness in catching a humorous aspect of a thing is abundantly illustrated. A valetudinarian friend of his, walking with him along the seashore, in Bray, after boring him with his symptoms, produced a vessel from his pocket and consulted Father Healy whether he might not venture on another glass of sea-water. "Well," said Healy, after carefully scanning the offspring, "I don't think it would be missed." Again, it was Father Healy who, when an aged priest interrupted a lecturer on a certain anthropoid ape with questions about the creature's possible possession of moral and religious instincts, relieved a tiresome situation by exclaiming, "Don't mind him, sir, he's lookin' for chape curates." The Padre was not loth to tell a story in which he was himself the butt, as when, on leaving a house where he had been dining, he remarked to his bibulous carman, "Well, Tim, drunk again?" To whom the carman, "We'll not say a word about it, y'reverence, for to tell the truth I'm a bit that way myself too." The story on p. 108, about the dinner-party in Trinity College and the trick played on "a great English educationist" by Healy and Dr. Nedley, is excellently told, but too long to quote. Some other interesting Irishmen, such as Judge Keogh and O'Reilly Dease, figure in the book; of the former we have a very clever sketch. Readers of this Memoir will find plentiful proof that Father Healy was really endowed with a bright and nimble play of fancy, and will not hesitate to acquit him of most of the acts of "verbicide" ascribed to him by his biographer.

## FICTION.

"Dr. Quantrill's Experiment." By T. Inglis. London: Adam & Charles Black. 1895.

"Scylla or Charybdis?" By Rhoda Broughton. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1895.

**I**N "Dr. Quantrill's Experiment," George Worthington, a widower of forty-seven, falls genuinely in love with his pretty young housemaid Ruth. She is by nature refined, and after a few months' coaching and introduction into society by a lady who takes a romantic interest in her apt pupil, she is transformed into a Mrs. Worthington of exceptional beauty, brilliancy, and distinction. Now, it is undeniable that all this is perfectly reasonable and possible, and the natural development of the situation would have produced a fresh and truthful book. Here we have a girl, born and brought up among and belonging to the "lower classes," suddenly lifted up into another world. How will the experiment succeed? It is premised that Ruth is endowed with natural advantages, and to trace the effects of her transplantation on her mental development, and on her attitude towards the social class from which she has been so suddenly cut off, was surely rare stuff for the novelist. But this is not the novel that has been written by Mr. Inglis. He shirks the admirable situation, and accounts for Ruth's social success by giving her an illegitimate relationship to a family of quality. Blood will show, he evidently thinks, even in the way one eats one's peas. The book declines into an ordinary story of jealousy and intrigue, and ends luridly in melodrama.

Miss Broughton's "Scylla or Charybdis?" will doubtless be welcomed by the following she has won in the past. It concerns a timid and saintly little widow and her only son. After the manner of sons, he falls in love with an attractive girl. A conscientious friend tells him that his father was afflicted with homicidal mania. Heredity! Scruples! Separation! Scylla. Then his old nurse at one blow deprives him of his inherited

taint, and his mother of her unblemished reputation. Charybdis. Hang Charybdis! Charybdis is hushed up, and the young people marry and live happily ever afterwards. The greater part of the book, albeit agreeable Broughtonesque description of walks and meals and teas, is irrelevant to the matter in hand.

"A Question of Instinct: an Analytical Study." By Morley Roberts. London: Henry & Co. 1895.

We confess that Mr. Morley Roberts's "Analytical Study" plunges us in bewilderment. It also humiliates us. We are sure that a story written up to such a high level of psychology must be a miracle of cleverness, and we blush to confess that we cannot follow or fathom the intricacies or depths of the human heart, which it is here Mr. Roberts's design to expose. He has done his best; he has been as clever as he could; he has crammed into these pages as much analysis and psychology as he knows. One is quite sure that he plumes himself upon the truth of this revelation; it is penned with an air of complacency. Yet we doubt if he will persuade a cautious reader of his veracity. In truth, under all this show and pomp of psychology there is very little. Mr. Roberts seems to have set forth to show that a man may love two women at once; which is hardly news. The man loves one woman because she is a sprite, and the other because she can bear him children. The sprite loves the man, but begs him not to be faithful to her. And when he has both, he spends most of his time in indecision as to which he shall marry. Mr. Roberts offers no solution, and we will not venture one. But if he thinks this a realistic portrayal of human nature, he is mistaken. It is nothing but a bad copy from the French. Given the materials of the problem, it might have been possible to construct out of them a decent study, exact and just to life. But Mr. Roberts's colours are mainly false, and his proportions are mainly wrong. And this is the greater pity, as we have had occasion more than once to commend in him a very vigorous faculty of story-telling, in which his real strength lies.

"The Cavaliers." By S. R. Keightley. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1895.

Mr. Keightley has written a romance of the Civil War which is not very much inferior to the works of Mr. Stanley Weyman. Mr. Weyman, of course, has a more expert hand in dealing with plots. Mr. Keightley's romance is somewhat too disorganized, and while he tells an episode with as good a spirit as any one, he does not combine these adventures into so complete a unity as the conditions of romance demand. We are prepared, of course, for the heroine of the normal type in this style of story—a girl with two bright eyes, a pretty face, and a clinging affection, but with no more character or individuality, or, indeed, human nature, than a Lowther Arcade doll. This young lady we get in the "The Cavaliers." It seems marvellous, and it is pitiful, that none of our romancers can put together a woman. The rôle of heroines in these historical novels consists of various names covering one uninteresting personality. But in his men Mr. Keightley is more successful, and Colonel Death, at least, is a very entertaining scoundrel. The hero himself, also, has rather more colour than we are used to find in heroes. To criticize a romance upon the ground that it is enacted by creatures scarcely human is, however, a thankless task. Mr. Keightley can at any rate claim a very striking portrait of Cromwell, which, if it be not genuine, is certainly very cleverly invented. Moreover, his narrative is full-bodied and breathes a gallant spirit, and he can relate a fight or a surprise exceedingly well. We have seen few better tales of adventure for some years.

"Old Maids and Young." By Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling. London: Cassell & Co. 1895.

Miss D'Esterre-Keeling was well advised to call her tangled tale, or series of tales, by such an inclusive title. All sorts of women are commingled in the direst confusion. We will not venture to determine the heroine or hero, for there is one in almost every chapter, and more than half way through the book we are introduced to a strange young lady in whose career we are expected to take an interest for the rest of the story. It will be

seen that Miss D'Esterre-Keeling has very little idea of an artistic novel. She never reaches any definite position, and yet she is always starting off with fresh expectations. The simple domestic character of the jumble is best gathered from such chapter headings as "Bride visits Nurse Barre in her Kitchen," and "Rotha pays a Morning Visit to Miss Harden." Yet undoubtedly Miss Keeling has better stuff in her than she contrives to display. The earlier portions of the book which describe the life and nature of a child are singularly vivid, and even touched with charm; and when Rotha grows up she develops into a notable young woman. The trouble is that the author crowds into her narrative a number of colourless persons in whom it is impossible to take an interest. It is conceivable that young ladies will adore the blind Osborne and the sturdy John and will consider the frivolous Bride sweet; and if Miss Keeling writes for schoolgirls, she will have her reward. But inasmuch as we have seen, or thought we saw, some promise in her talent, we have reviewed the book seriously.

"*The Shepherdess of Treva.*" By Paul Cushing. London : Ward & Downey. 1895.

*The Shepherdess of Treva* is an unusual specimen of her class. She speaks magnificent English, has a skin of flowerlike texture as sole result of constant exposure to the weather, and, when transplanted from her native downs to the heart of "society," makes herself conspicuous by her queenliness and refinement alone. Totally untrained in painting, her efforts at depicting the boats of the local fishermen are astounding enough to take away the breath of an eminent artist. Naturally, after a year or two of study, we find her one of the first painters in the land, with millionaires outbidding one another for her pictures. Scene-daubing though the whole thing may be, the Shepherdess is interesting. The plot hurries us breathlessly through startlingly exciting episodes in her career. There is a reprehensible young man who "covers her white innocence with the fervour of his crimson passion," and takes her into marble halls filled with beautiful and remorseful Magdalens. The most beautiful one is remorseful enough to warn her; on which her white innocence causes her to go away, become the great artist aforesaid, and finally marry the reprehensible young man's father by mistake. This is found out, as such things often are, and causes so much annoyance that nearly everybody dies hurriedly. Absurd though it all is, the book is readable and attractive, and the author's clever writing and occasional humour go far to atone for the crudity of the effects.

"*A Ruler of Ind.*" By F. Thorold Dickson and Mary L. Pechell. London : Digby, Long, & Co. 1895.

"*Morton Verlost.*" By Marguerite Bryant. London : Adam & Charles Black. 1895.

"*The Flower of Gala Water.*" By Amelia E. Barr. London : Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1895.

"*A Ruler of Ind.*" opens very well with a well-informed travelling M.P., who is a member of the "Society for Protecting Nature." It goes on well, too, with a succession of flirting married women, Anglo-Persian and Anglo-Indian, some interesting maidens, and a beautiful heroine with a slight New Woman flavour about her. The feeble part of the book is the slightness of the misunderstanding that separates her from her lover and marries her to a scamp. Putting this aside as unconvincing, all the rest is excellent. The writing is unequal in the different parts of the story—now terse and pleasing, now the reverse; probably joint authorship is responsible for this. "*Morton Verlost*" is an interesting young man with a lurid past. A flash from it shows a wager laid upon a horse; the rest is dark imagining. In spite of his many attractions, his lady-love marries his father, which is becoming a common practice according to our observation as a reviewer. He goes to a romantic island near Hayti, and every one in the book joins him there by reason of a steam-yacht ingeniously possessed by a minor character. His conduct towards his stepmother is all that it should be, and his death at the hands of disaffected natives is quite undeserved. His

young wife, Nora, is cleverly drawn, and there is novelty in the situation when he meets his estranged father in society under another name, and the two converse as strangers. The superstitious part, which concerns the magic ring, is a little out of harmony with the rest. It would have been better to make a short story of it than to patchwork it into so modern a society novel as "*Morton Verlost.*" "*The Flower of Gala Water*" is the first of a collection. All the stories are pretty, and written with great charm. Nothing subtle is attempted or achieved, but the tales make a pleasant book, especially for girls.

"*A Whirl Asunder.*" By Gertrude Atherton. London : Cassell & Co. 1895.

"*Wild Rose.*" By Francis Francis. London : Macmillan & Co. 1895.

"*A Whirl Asunder*" is the "smartest" of "smart" little books, with passages of surprising naughtiness and a hero who is very nearly a man and a gentleman. The feminine ideal dies hard in the cleverest woman; here is the description of Clive:—"He is thoroughbred; he can drink the strongest whisky, smoke the blackest cigars, and he never fails to kiss a pretty woman when opportunity offers." Notwithstanding this dubiously thorough breeding, Clive behaves like a man to the girl he is engaged to, in spite of the fascinations of a decidedly bewitching young woman. He kisses Delilah a few times, talks about kissing whenever they meet, and even when she comes to him at night with her hair down he tells her affectionately that it is "no good." He says it at great and passionate length, but that is what it amounts to. The girl is something of a creation: the author and she are equally frank in recognizing and trading upon primary instincts without unnecessary coarseness. The story is vividly, even fierily, written, and has enough cleverness packed between its two very small covers to stock half a dozen respectable novels.

"*Wild Rose*" is a heroically romantic young woman, who does plucky things on the Mexican frontier. She is beautiful, and has been unfortunate—so unfortunate, that she refuses to marry a man who loves her, and whose life she has saved. It is a spirited and sensational story, abounding in hairbreadth escapes, and only differing from the average boy's book by the strength of the language and the occasional absence of mitigating blanks and dashes.

#### NEW SCIENCE-BOOKS.

"*Wild England of To-Day, and the Wild Life in It.*" By C. J. Cornish. London : Seeley & Co. 1895.

WHEN Mr. Cornish published his "*Life at the Zoo*" we were able to congratulate him and the public on a series of fresh sketches upon subjects of perennial interest. Most of us, to the end of our days, revisit the Zoo with almost as much delight as when we first found the real elephant and the tiger satisfactory representatives of a picture-book notion of them. But to enter into the wild life of England, to make real, in words, the vague charm of the inconspicuous and humble natives of our moors and mountains, requires the knowledge of a naturalist and the pen of a poet. Such a one will go into the gardens of a London square and introduce to you a new world of wonder in the beetles and spiders of the dusty shrubs: seen through his eyes, the most exploited reach of the Thames reveals the glories of a tropic river. Mr. Cornish for this volume has ranged over all England, and found nothing to say but the obvious about the obvious. His "*Wild England*" is a series of such scenes as "*The Deer in Richmond Park*," "*Trout-Breeding*," "*The Heronry in Richmond Park*," "*Wild-Fowl in the Lake at Blenheim*," "*Salmon-Netting at Christchurch*." They all make fair copy, but if Mr. Cornish cares for his reputation he should not publish again until he has seen something to which the casual tourist would be blind. His first book showed that he had the capacity for this, and a single chapter in the present volume continues our belief in him: a chapter discussing the bird-life that found refuge from the frozen plains in the green valley of a southern stream.

"*The Cell : Outlines of General Anatomy and Physiology.*" By Dr. Oscar Hertwig. Translated by M. Campbell and edited by Henry J. Campbell, M.D. London : Swan Sonnenschein. 1895.

Oscar Hertwig is the greatest living authority upon the cell, and as he is not only an original investigator of world-wide reputation, but the most clear and exact of writers, this translation of his treatise should be very useful. To most of us the

word "cell" conveys an erroneous impression. The theory that cells are the units of animal and vegetable bodies really is due to Schleiden, and he, from his observation of plant-tissues, conceived the idea that the unit was a little chamber or vesicle, the firm walls of which contained fluid. To these structures the term "cell" was applicable; but, as Dr. Hertwig shows, further investigation has altogether changed the connotation of the term. It is now known that not the walls, but the contents, are the essential parts, and that the unit of structure is a little mass of protoplasm, containing a denser central portion, the nucleus. The walls, which first attracted the attention of Schleiden, are now known to be mere accidents, not vital parts of the structures. Still more recently, the nucleus is receiving more attention than the protoplasm, and it seems as if a nuclear theory may replace the cell theory. He who would know of these matters must consult Hertwig, and he may be consulted excellently in this translation. Unfortunately, however, Dr. Campbell has not "edited" it up to date. Readers will have to go elsewhere for the latest information upon the curious appearances known as "centrosomes."

"Sea and Land: Features of Coasts and Oceans, with special reference to the Life of Man." By N. S. Shaler. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1895.

Mr. Shaler, who is a professor of geology in Harvard University, has written an attractive book upon the relation of man to coasts. The subject is one that lends itself to a skilful combination of geology and problems of civilization and commerce. The perpetual struggle between land and sea, here one, there the other, gaining new territory at the expense of the other, is admirably described. It may, for instance, console those who still mourn the cession of Heligoland to learn that the island is rapidly being eaten away by the sea. Professor Shaler has much to tell about ports and harbours, and about tides and currents. We ourselves have found his book of great interest, and we commend it confidently to others.

"Popular History of Animals for Young People." By Henry Scherren. Coloured plates and many illustrations in the text. London: Cassell & Co. 1895.

This natural history for young people has the advantage, unusual in such books, of being scientifically accurate. No doubt it matters little to a child whether he is told that insects or polyps build coral-reefs; but even for children we have a prejudice in favour of accuracy. Mr. Scherren is not only accurate, but interesting, and his publishers have been generous in the matter of coloured illustrations. We hope that many children will be the happier for this book.

"A Woman's Words to Women on the Care of their Health in England and in India." By Mary Scharlieb, M.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1895.

It has been the lot of the reviewer in recent years to read many scientific and medical books written by women, and to have found them conspicuously inferior to similar books by men. It is the more pleasant to give unreserved praise to Mrs. Scharlieb's little volume. It deals with the care of the health in girlhood, womanhood, and motherhood, and avoids both prurient reticence and prurient detail. It is the lot of women to have many things forced on their knowledge that most persons who are not doctors would avoid if they could. Mrs. Scharlieb treats of such things wisely and kindly, and women, especially those who live in India or the tropics, should be the better physically and mentally for her words.

"The Intellectual Rise in Electricity." A History. By Park Benjamin, Ph.D., LL.B. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1895.

Dr. Benjamin has written, in untechnical language, a history of the development of knowledge of electricity from the earliest times, until Franklin proved the identical nature of lightning and electricity. He believes that Pliny hints at the earliest recognition of any electrical phenomena. Syrian women, the old scientific gossip recounts, used distaffs of amber fetched from the distant northern shores by Phoenician mariners. In the process of spinning, the thread rubbing against the amber electrified it, causing it to attract particles of dust and flying threads. In a pleasant fashion, with many digressions concerning the manners of ancient peoples, Dr. Benjamin has hunted through ancient literature and modern records of old peoples, searching out all the legends that cluster around the loadstone and the needle. Coming to later times, he tells the story of those associated with great discoveries in magnetism and electricity, and explains, in language that any one may understand, the significance of each stage in discovery. He is far from confining himself to the severely scientific: he tells you how a beauty of the Court of King Charles II. insisted that the Royal Society should explain to her why her fair locks, after combing in frosty weather, stood out like a halo, and glowed in the dark. We think the book overweighted by its grave title, and more ponderous than necessary; but it is the result of assiduous compilation, and it is full of good reading.

"Movement." By E. J. Marey. Translated by Eric Pritchard, M.A., M.B., B.Ch. Oxon. London: William Heinemann. 1895.

It is a familiar superstition with educated people, because they can read Bourget in bed and order a competent dinner in the Rue Gaillon, that translations of French books are superfluous. It is not so, however, with scientific treatises: the technical terms and the turns of expression make French physics or chemistry a mystery to all but experts. Dr. Pritchard and his publisher deserve the thanks of English readers for this excellent rendering of Marey's well-known treatise. Few things are more fascinating than the new notions of the movements of men and animals given us by the modern developments of instantaneous photography. As is well known, M. Marey's method of studying movement is to obtain a series of instantaneous photographs of the moving object, each photograph being taken at an inconceivably minute interval of time after its predecessor. Thus a single sword-stroke is represented in a few dozen consecutive pictures. When the method was first introduced, a good deal was written about the absurdity of the existing pictures and statues of men and animals in motion. We are by no means certain that many of these can be corrected by instantaneous photographs; for they represent the movements as they appear to the eye; and the retina is far from being an instantaneous plate. A perusal of "Movement" will, however, train the eye to interpret its images more accurately, and will add considerably to the pleasure of every one who likes to watch dancing, fencing, the running of horses, or the flying of birds. The methods are described simply, and the results are set forth in the most lucid fashion with the aid of many reproductions of the actual photographs.

"The Universe." By F. A. Pouchet, M.D. London: Blackie & Son. 1895.

This is a twelfth edition of the translation of a well-known popular work. It has been revised in many places in accordance with advances in scientific knowledge, and it has been enriched by new illustrations. The French have a genius for popular works upon natural history, and "The Universe" is a volume that should lead many a boy to desert the study of books for the study of nature.

"The Royal Natural History." Edited by R. Lydekker, F.R.S. Vol. IV. London: Warne & Co. 1895.

The fourth volume completes the account of birds. It deals with a number of birds of great interest scientifically and from the popular point of view. The Picarian birds, for instance, include many creatures very different in their nature, and thrown together rather because they are unlike other birds than because they are like each other. Mr. Lydekker makes a compromise between tradition and anatomy by placing the owls next the eagles, although in a different chapter. In popular imagination, owls and eagles are "birds of prey," alike in beak and talons, different only in that the former get food by night, the latter by day. Anatomy shows, however, that the diurnal and nocturnal birds are essentially dissimilar, and the convergent resemblances between them are merely as a cloak thrown on for the same purpose. A negro and a white man would appear much the same if clad in diver's costume. Mr. Lydekker is vague about the relationship of the parrots; but here anatomy is with him, as it has failed to find sufficient reason to link parrots to any other group of birds. In the group of Gallinaceous birds there is matter to interest the sportsman; for among these are to be found nearly all the game-birds. The volume ends with the unkeeled or struthious birds, and with the extinct giants of the Southern Hemisphere, the memory of which has lingered in the Arabian traditions of the roc. The legend is certainly correct, so far as it points to the existence of giant birds that laid giant eggs; but there is every reason to believe it wrong where it ascribed to them the power of flight. Anatomy shows that the power of flight was lost; and most probably it was lost long before the increase in size took place.

"The Structure of Man; an Index to his Past History." By Dr. R. Wiedersheim. Translated by H. and M. Bernard. The translation edited and annotated by Professor G. B. Howes. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

There was a time when every scientific man was a doctor, as scientific training could be obtained only as a part of medical instruction. In one respect the specialization of science has been a loss to anatomy. Most human anatomists have had little training in comparative anatomy, and most comparative anatomists—or biologists, as they now call themselves—have not had the advantage of minute study of a type so well known as the body of man. Dr. Wiedersheim is a link between the old and new schools. He is a teacher of human anatomy in the medical school of a university; by training and inclination he is a comparative anatomist. As a natural result, his book is of high excellence, and this excellent translation should be useful both to medical men and biologists. It is written so plainly, and with such excellent illustrations, that the general

reader, who wishes to learn the truth about the relation of man to other creatures, should be able to read it with pleasure.

We have also received from the Religious Tract Society "A Popular Handbook to the Microscope," by Mr. Lewis Wright, a very careful and practical little book; from George Bell & Sons, the fourth volume of Mr. Wasser's excellent "British Fungus-Flora"; from Sonnenschein, Mr. Sowerby's "Thorough Cultivation," a thoughtful treatise explaining and advocating methods of deep land culture, by which the properties of subsoil may be utilised; from George Philip & Son, "The Moon," by Thomas Gwyn Elgar, in which the physical features of the moon are described and explained by capital maps; from Longmans, Green & Co., vol. iii. part ii. of the new edition of Quain, containing the Nerves, by Professor Thane; from Macmillan & Co., the best "Handbook of British Lepidoptera" we have seen; Mr. Edward Meyrick, the author, has indulged in the luxury of a scientific classification.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"London Idylls." By W. J. Dawson. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1895.

THE Rev. W. J. Dawson has misled us at the beginning. From his poem, a little sickly here and there with the pampered delicacy of a too exquisite expression, we concluded that the writer was going to give us something peculiarly London, too-picturesque and all that, but still London. Now this great city is a reprehensible and shocking corner of the world, the sins that lie on its head are not to be numbered; but we did not know that telegraph-boys who break their legs dragging pale-faced cripple girls from under trains, and who die in the hospital saying "No 87 on Duty" while the sunlight leaves the ward, were peculiar to London. Nor is the wife an especial property of London, the wife who is willing to die in order to follow her baby to heaven, and says so in the usual way on her deathbed—at least we hope she is not. Nor the baby—oh these story-babies!—who rests in its father's arms and puts out its hand to the estranged mother. Though all these things (and especially the telegraph-boy) are hard to forgive, there is no denying a merit, a distinct merit, to the tale about Waterloo. And the author is attracted to the ghostly and mystic, which is unexpected. In one story he tells of the reappearance of Apollo in Soho—not very successfully, and the flutes are done to death just as the click of footsteps is worn to ineffectiveness in the story of the clergyman's suicide. This is the best thing in the book, except Waterloo. Not because of the hypnotism and the betrayed girl, and all the rest of the tricks, but because the character of the successful clergyman with high-strung nerves, who is a humbug because he cannot help it, is decidedly striking. The character is explained rather than expressed; but still, there it is. The mystical part of the story, moreover, has one brilliant bit of fancy—the appearance of the betrayed girl's ghost in broad daylight. The clergyman can hear the voice of some early caller talking to his wife in the drawing-room; from the kitchen comes the movement of servants; the stairs which the ghostly figure ascends are all the time flooded by the July sunset, the dust-motes are twinkling in it, and the smell of freshly watered flowers is blown downstairs from the little conservatory. We do not care much about the ghost, but we bear with her because she heightens the emotion of this after-lunch picture of the hall—a picture which will stick when the rest of "London Idylls" has faded from the mind.

"The Revolution of 1848." By Imbert de Saint-Arnaud. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. With portraits. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1895.

Those to whom the Revolution of '48 was a mystery before will not be greatly enlightened after reading this history. For one thing, M. de Saint-Arnaud's story presupposes a certain acquaintance with the history of the years which preceded the revolution; he plunges the reader straight into the middle of affairs, never explaining, for instance, what those "banquets" were which he so continually mentions. Then, again, we hear schemers and men in high places talk of "reform" or "popular tide." Perhaps they did not know themselves what it all meant; we certainly do not. M. de Saint-Arnaud always keeps us on the surface of the subject, telling us what ministers said in speeches, what orders were given by king or generals, and devoting seven chapters to the flight of royalties from Paris to England. The drama of the revolution as a mere string of events is marred a good deal by the childish use of pompous short sentences and other flowers of melodrama.

"Goethe's Faust. The First Part, with a Literal Translation and Notes for Students." By Beta. London: David Nutt. 1895.

A reviewer with a literal prose translation of "Faust" in his hand has no intention of settling down to read it from beginning to end, and it perhaps says a good deal for Beta that this book was not laid aside by the present reviewer until the last page had been

read. The translation is quite literal, and the German faces the English page by page. This is an excellent arrangement; for the most careless might guess that the original would be stronger than "Him will I drag through wild living, through flat triviality"; and surely the German print could not keep the most relentless admirer of French short stories from glancing to the left to see what Goethe wrote for "My peace is gone." There may be more faults in the translation than we cared to notice. "Ancient One" (especially with capitals) does not seem an adequate translation of the word in "Von Zeit zu Zeit sei' ich den Alten gern"; even an Englishman hardly hopes the Devil won't blaspheme.

"Travel and Adventure in Northern Queensland." By Arthur C. Bicknell. With Illustrations by J. B. Clarke, from Sketches by the Author. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1895.

There was no particular reason why Mr. Bicknell should have published this innocent volume. His friends persuaded him, as friends are apt to do. The parts of Queensland which he explored are not at all unknown, though they are inhabited by few white people and are difficult of access. Consequently the book is no contribution to our geographical or biological knowledge. It is, however, an agreeably easy and unpretentious narrative of the author's adventures during a few months up country. Mr. Bicknell himself says that he is more accustomed to a gun than a pen, which we are quite prepared to believe after reading his book. It is written in the most amateurish style possible. But for all that he has a keen observation, and managed to see a good deal of the country. We are glad to hear of the pigeons that imitate you if you dance a jig in the bush, and the anecdote about the bees and the white ants (though it does not come from Australia) is quite interesting. The story of the journey to the coast, too, in the wet season is inspired with a rude vigour, and no doubt Mr. Bicknell and his companions thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The book is illustrated, but we can say no more, for the illustrations are almost as crude as the writing. If the volume pleases Mr. Bicknell and his friends, there is certainly no reason why it should offend others, for it is quite innocuous.

"First Steps in Harmony." By Ralph Dunstan, Mus.Doc. Cantab. London: Curwen & Sons. 1895.

This text-book is entirely superfluous. It says nothing that has not been said before, and said better. Sir John Stainer's little treatise, for example, covers more ground, is very much clearer, and contains more useful exercises. If Mr. Ralph Dunstan, Mus.Doc.Cantab., had taken the trouble to explain the *why* of the many rules he gives, we might have entertained feelings of gratitude towards him, for a text-book that goes back to first principles, and explains that the sole object of all rules—an object they never attain—is the production of beautiful writing, would be eminently useful, though not quite, perhaps, in the way the author proposed. Until we get such a text-book, all others are mere useless repetitions of what has been said before.

"Essays in Criticism" (First Series). By Matthew Arnold. Reprinted in Eversley Series. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

Just thirty years ago these essays were gathered together and reprinted in book shape; and in the preface to that book Matthew Arnold remarked that several of the papers had been "much criticized" on their first appearance. At that time to be criticized at all meant to be adversely criticized; but Arnold made no reply, saying, "it is not in my nature—some of my critics would rather say, not in my power—to dispute on behalf of any opinion, even my own, very obstinately." There you have the whole man, the secret of his failure, and the secret of such success as he had! Perhaps his inability to dispute very obstinately on behalf of his opinions was the inevitable result of seeing one thing at a time, and that one thing in many ways, as his moods shifted. Anyhow, it is the secret of the charm in his writing which has survived the stupendous revolution in our ways of thinking which has come about during the last thirty years. Matthew Arnold cannot be placed among the great prose-writers, for he lacks passion, power, and sensuous beauty. But he has simplicity—even to the point of bareness—and he can set before you the events of the lives of Maurice de Guérin and his sister Eugénie, of Heine and Joubert, or disentangle from the mass of Spinoza's works his views on the Bible, with a distinctness and vividness that can never be surpassed. Whether his clear, cold, small light served him equally well when writing on "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," or on the "Literary Influence of Academies," is a question about which we do not propose to argue. Matthew Arnold's attitude has determined the attitude of later critics towards him—none will dispute with him very obstinately. All like him, none can strongly dislike him, and how many love him with any warmth? He will be read, and liked, but not loved, so long as the English language lasts.

"In a Walled Garden." By Bessie Rayner Belloc. London: Ward & Downey. 1895.

Madame Belloc chats prettily, chiefly of persons she has met—George Eliot, Mrs. Jameson, Mary Howitt, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Adelaide Procter, Mrs. Booth. Of George Eliot she says, "from first to last" she "was the living incarnation of English Dissent. She had 'Chapel' written in every line of the thoughtful, somewhat severe, face." Mme. Belloc's pages are impressed from beginning to end with that attractive stamp "privilege," as befits the title of her book. Even when she is treating of men and women she has not seen, her impressions read like those of an eyewitness, who has had the chance of regarding affairs in which others were necessarily ignorant outsiders. And the Oxford Movement, with its Roman Catholic consummation, throws a certain softness of colouring over her reminiscences.

We have also received, "Facsimiles of Royal, Historical, Literary, and other Autographs in the Department of Manuscripts, British Museum," First Series Nos. 1-30, the plates also sold separately; "The Apocrypha," Revised Version (Oxford : University Press); from Heinemann : 1 vol. second editions of "The Romance of an Empress" and "The Story of a Throne," by K. Waliszewski; "A Friend of the Queen," by Paul Gautier; "Napoleon and the Fair Sex," by Frédéric Masson; from Seeley : new editions of P. G. Hamerton's "The Life of J. W. M. Turner, R.A., and "Imagination in Landscape Painting"; vol. x. of John Morley's "English Men of Letters," containing "Gibbon" and "Macaulay," by J. Cottier Morison; "Carlyle," by John Nichol (Macmillan); new edition of George Gissing's "The Unclassed" (Lawrence & Bullen); reissue of "In the Lion's Mouth," by Eleanor C. Price (Macmillan); re-issue of "Pietro Ghisleri," by F. Marion Crawford (Macmillan); revised edition of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," by Fergus Hume (Jarrold); Vols. XVIII. and XIX. of Archibald Constable's reprint of the "Waverley Novels," containing "The Monastery"; Vols. I. and II. of "Daniel Deronda," in William Blackwood & Sons' Standard edition; Tennyson's "Juvenilia," and "The Lady of Shalott and other Poems" in Macmillan's "The People's Edition"; "King Lear" and "Othello," with preface and glossary by Israel Gollancz, M.A., in J. M. Dent's "The Temple Shakespeare"; second revised and enlarged edition of "A Manual of Physics," by William Peddie, D.Sc., F.R.S.E., "University Series" (Baillière, Tindall & Cox); cheap edition of "Sita, and other Poems, mostly adapted for Recitation," by Mrs. Aylmer Gowing (Elliot Stock); popular edition of "Cassell's New Biographical Dictionary"; second revised and enlarged edition of "The Inspiration and Authority of the Bible," by John Clifford (James Clarke & Co.); "Natural History in Anecdote," arranged and edited by Alfred H. Miles (Hutchinson); "The Meat Trade of Australia and its Prospects," by Alexander Bruce, Chief Inspector of Stock for N.S.W. (Sydney : Charles Potter); "Hand-Reading," by an Adept (A. Lewis); "Brighton as I have known it," by George Augustus Sala (A. & C. Black); cheap edition of "Hebrew Idolatry and Superstition: its Place in Folk-Lore," by Elford Higgins (Elliot Stock); "The Housewife's Handy-book, Three Hundred and Fifty Useful Everyday Recipes," by C. J. S. Thompson (John Hogg); "Drink of all Kinds," by Frederick Davies and Seymour Davies (John Hogg); second revised edition of "The Life of Kate Marsden," by Henry Johnson (Simpkin, Marshall); "The Fatal Finger-Mark, a Detective Story," by Milton Danvers (Diprose & Bateman); "Guide to the Establishment and Equipment of Art Classes and Schools of Art, with Estimates of probable Cost, &c.," by R. G. Hatton (Chapman & Hall).

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#### PARIS.

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# THE JUBILEE OF THE "DAILY NEWS"

1846—1896.

**On the 21st inst., "The Daily News" will have completed its 50th year.** Started in 1846, the story of the paper is that of Liberal progress throughout the world.

**"The Daily News" of Tuesday next, January 21st, a Jubilee Number, price One Penny, will be greatly enlarged, so that room may be found for a History of the Journal from January 21st, 1846, to the present day.** Contributors at exciting periods will, in their own names, in specially written columns, give life and interest to the narrative.

This History—written by Mr. JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P., and Sir JOHN R. ROBINSON—will include notices of the first Editor, CHARLES DICKENS, and of his immediate successors. Portraits of various distinguished men who have been associated with "The Daily News" will be given. The course taken by "The Daily News" during the American Civil War, when it was all but alone in the English Press in defending the cause of the North, will be told by Mr. E. L. GODKIN, who was its New York Correspondent at that period, and who is now the Editor of the New York "Evening Post," and the New York "Nation." The noble struggle of the Italians for their unity and liberty, and the part which "The Daily News" took therein, will be described by Signora JESSIE WHITE MARIO, the famous Garibaldian. Mr. ARCHIBALD FORBES will tell his stirring tale; Mr. LABOUCHERE will describe how, as the Correspondent of "The Daily News," he became the "Besieged Resident," and Mr. F. D. MILLET, the eminent artist, will detail his services in the Russo-Turkish War, and those of the late Mr. J. A. MACGAHAN, honoured of Bulgaria. The special part taken by "The Daily News" in first calling the attention of civilized nations, through its Correspondents, to the horrors of Turkish rule in Bulgaria, thus beginning a movement which resulted in the independence of that interesting nation—called to mind, as it is, by the activity which has succeeded in making known the terrible facts respecting the condition of the unhappy people of Armenia—will find due place in the History. Mr. H. W. LUCY will describe the evolution of the modern Parliamentary Sketch; and Mr. C. DONSON COLLET will show how the Taxes on Knowledge were abolished. Mr. E. J. MILLIKEN contributes verses, "Fifty Years : '46-'96." Many famous contributors other than we have named, of whom the paper is proud, and to whom it owes so much, will co-operate in this remarkable contribution to the history of the past half-century.

**On the same day, and with the same number, will be issued separately, price One Penny,** by post Three Half-pence, to be obtained of all newsagents, a facsimile of the First Number of "The Daily News." This most interesting number, dated January 21st, 1846, contains articles by CHARLES DICKENS, Mr. WILLIAM JOHNSON FOX, &c., a poem by CHARLES MACKAY, a singularly graphic and full report of a meeting of the Anti-Corn Law League, at which Mr. COBDEN faced his opponents in an important seat of agriculture, and a great variety of other intelligence of the day. This reproduction will be faithful, not only as regards its contents, but also with respect to size, type, and the quality of the paper, which has been expressly made in exact imitation of that of the original. It is believed that these two numbers will form a unique addition to the newspaper files of the world. For a brief while they will not only take the pen from the historian, but will also illustrate the immense improvement effected by steam and electricity in the production of a great daily paper during the last fifty years.

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Mount Street, Liverpool,  
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HAROLD WHALLEY, Secretary.

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The Debenture Stock will be secured by a First Mortgage to the Trustees for the Debenture-stock Holders of freehold and leasehold properties and by a floating charge upon the general undertaking of the Company, power being reserved to the Company to dispose of any of the property for the purposes of the business; but as to freeholds and leaseholds specifically mortgaged, only with the consent of the Trustees. The balance of £20,000 First Mortgage Debenture Stock is reserved for future issue as may be required for the extension of the business.

The Company takes over the whole of the property and assets of the firm of F. Lenney & Sons as on July 31, 1895, at the sum of £235,000, which is the price fixed by the Vendor for the purchase of the property. This leaves a balance of £15,000 as on August 1, 1895, in addition to the premium on the proposed issues, less expenses of formation and the costs of conveyances. Subsequent payments have been made out of this balance for trade properties and permanent improvements, which will be included in the Debenture security.

The business, gas factory, and farm lands in hand are sold together as a going concern as on July 31, 1895, from which time the Company bears all outgoings and takes all profits (paying the Vendor, in addition to the purchase-money, a sum of £8,000 in respect of profits and interest from that date until the date fixed for completion). The Company also takes over and assumes the trade liabilities of the Vendor existing on July 31, 1895, estimated at £13,350 5s. jd., and pays the formation expenses, including the Vendor's costs.

The property to be included in the Mortgage to the Trustees for the Debenture-stock Holders will comprise freehold and leasehold properties (including fixed plant in the Brewery) which, with a shop since sold, stood in the books of the firm on August 1 last at	£174,067 0 0
The loose plant and rolling-stock, stock of malt, hops, beer, &c., the book debts, cash in hand, &c., stood at the same date at	£46,608 2 8
Less the trade liabilities to be assumed by the Company, as above	23,350 5 3
	33,257 17 5

Making the total value of the assets in the books, irrespective of the general goodwill of the business as on August 1, 1895..... £307,324 17 5

Mr. Augustus Lenney, who is the sole proprietor of the business, is the Vendor to the Company, and takes as part of the purchase money, at par, the whole of the Ordinary Shares and 2,500 Cumulative Preference Shares (the latter being the largest amount permissible under the Stock Exchange rules with reference to a quotation), and he will continue to personally superintend the business as heretofore. Mr. Tappy will continue his present post of manager, at a salary as mentioned in the agreement with him, as well as being a Director.

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